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STRIVE.

BY C. D. STUART.

Strive when thou strivest, as a man
Whose empire is the open world,
From whom the tyrant and his ban
Are like a reed to ruin hurled.

Thy heritage what prouder boast
Have children of the kingly line,
From mid-land to the ocean coast
The sky, the air, the earth is thine.

And thou, too humble as thou art
With throne nor regal diadem,
Shalt bear and act the monarch's part,
And be a royal king with them.

Have ye not brows as other men
And nerves to do and hearts to feel,
And kingdoms in the poorest glen
That is not hemmed by shining steel.

Thy brother shall not bear thee down,
Although a king of Earth is he,
But cast mid stormy hosts his crown
And turn with shame and cling to thee.

Not higher birth hath human one,
Nor better walks the Earth abroad
Than thou, who peasant-dom hath won
A free and fearless child of God.

THE GUN MAKER OF MOSCOW; OR, VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerks Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

The news went out that the Count Conrad Damonoff must die. A few days before the best surgeon in Moscow said he would recover; but now that same surgeon said he must fall. A strange change had come over him. It was not a fever, but rather a consuming of vitality. He was failing fast, and no art of medicine could revive him. Some thought he must be bleeding inwardly, but others knew better than this, because in that case there would be some outward symptom. The wound itself was healing, but the disease was not. The physician and the priest were now in daily, and the former almost in hourly, attendance. The surgeon was Kopani; and the priest was the hump-backed Savotano!

Thus lay the Count upon his bed, weak and faint, but at present almost free from pain, and an old woman was his only attendant, the priest having just left. It was just after noon. The dying man had just taken a powerful stimulating draught, though it was against the injunctions of the priest, as he said that by such means the invalid might die bereft of sense, and thus lose his hold upon salvation,—he had just taken this draught when there was a low rap upon the door. The woman arose to answer the summons. She conversed a few moments with the girl who had knocked, and when she returned to the bed she announced that Ruric Nevel wished to enter.

"Let him come in," whispered the Count.

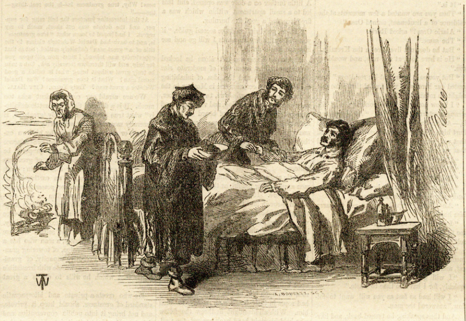
"But——"

"Never mind," he interrupted, as the woman commenced thus to expostulate. "Let him come in. By heavens, if he is my enemy let me see him. It may serve to arouse me."

So the woman went to the door again, and soon afterwards Ruric Nevel entered the apartment. He stepped lightly, noiselessly, to the bed-side, but it was some moments ere he could distinguish objects by the subdued light of the place. By and by, however, he overcame the difficulty, and he started back in horror as he beheld the features of his adversary. How pale and sunken! How deathlike and ghastly! The Count noticed the movement, and he noticed the look.

"Conrad Damonoff," spoke the gun-maker, in a low, solemn tone, "a few days since I heard that you were recovering, and I thanked God. But to-day they told me you were dying, and I have come to ask that I may take your hand ere you pass away from earth. As God is my Maker and my Judge, I would rather lie down here and die for you than have you pass away with a curse of me upon your soul or on your lips. Forgive me for what I have done, and never again will I engage in such a wicked work. For my own life, it is my country's and my mother's, and I have no right to throw it away; and my antagonist's life is the sacred property of God's, which I have no right to touch but in self-defence. Forgive me."

Slowly and heavily moved the dying man over, and then he extended his thin and wasted hand.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE HUMP-BACKED PRIEST'S ATTEMPT TO POISON COUNT DAMONOFF.

"Ruric," he said—and his voice was stronger now, for the potion was working—"I am glad you have come—very glad; for I have wished, above all else of earth, to see you. I could not send for you, for I knew not how you might come. I have been all wrong in the things that have passed betwixt thee and me. I was mad, and a fool. I blame you not; but rather do I thank you for your kindness through all the scene. Oh! I forgive you with all my heart; and now tell me that I am forgiven!"

"Forgiven?" repeated Ruric, with a trembling lip, still holding the Count's hand within both his own. "Oh! would to God I could call you back to life! Forgiven? Oh! God, who reads all hearts, knows how humble, how sacred, is my forgiveness to you! Could I call you back—could I wipe out the past from my memory, I could die content."

"Enough," returned the Count, warmly. "This was my holiest wish, though pride has kept back its utterance. Oh! I feared you would gloat over my death—that you would be glad when I was gone!"

"No, no,—I should have been a monster then."

"There are many such. And yet I wronged you by the thought. But I could not help it."

A moment more passed in silence, and then the invalid resumed,—

"There is one reason why I should like to live: I should be prepared for a better life. Since death has come—since I have known that he stood waiting by my bed—I have wondered at the evil life I have led; and I have thought that if the dark King would let me remain here a few years more I could be a better man. But 'tis too late now. The die is cast. Yet I have some joy in this. You have shed a happy light upon my dying hour. God bless you."

Ruric's feelings were easily moved, and there was something in the deep solemnity of this occasion that started his heart to a tender mood; and the last words of the dying man flowed the cup. He bowed his head, and covering his eyes with one hand, while he held in the other the hand of Conrad, he wept freely and silently.

At this moment the woman arose and left the room.

"She's gone," said the Count, after he had recovered somewhat from the deep emotions which had been stirred within his own soul. "Sit down here beside me."

Ruric obeyed the request, and after he had seated himself he gazed sadly into the sick man's face.

"Say, Ruric," the Count asked, while an eager look overspread his face, "was't true what Kopani told me: that you overcame Demetrius the Greek with the sword?"

"I did," the youth replied, in a whisper.

"But you did not disarm him?—you did not fairly take his sword from him?"

"I did, Conrad."

"My soul, is it possible? And where have you been all your life?"

"In Moscow, and in Spain."

"And yet obscure."

"Never mind that now," interposed Ruric. "I have something of more interest. Do you —— But you will pardon me for what I may say, for I assure you I mean it all for your good."

"Speak on," said Conrad, at the same time running his eyes almost enviously over the gun-maker's nobly-developed breast and shoulders.

"Then, first—I have just come from the lady Rosalind.—— Ah— I meant not—"

"Go on. I may have felt a pang at the mention of that name, but I know she loves you, and were I strong at this moment as ever I'd relinquish all claims of her to you. So fear not."

"Thank you, Sir Count, for this. —— But I was remarking: I am not long from her presence, and between us both we have suspected some dark things. Do you think the Duke was really your friend?"

The Count started, and a strange gleam shot from his eyes.

"Go on," he uttered.

"Then listen: Before you ever came to my shop the Duke had most solemnly promised Rosalind that she should receive no more trouble from you—that you would claim her hand no more."

"Do you know this?"

"I do."

"But it cannot be. Why should he have sent me on that mission to you?"

"I had taught one of his officers the sword exercise, and he knew I was your superior in strength, and use of the weapon."

"Well—go on!" whispered the Count, nervously and anxiously.

"Why—he thought very likely that we should not meet on such a question without a quarrel. He knew your natural impetuosity, and my strength of arm, and he hoped you——would fall."

"But——Go on!"

"His estate is running out, and he wants the whole of Drotzen!"

"Ah! I see it now!"

"The Duke has proposed himself for Rosalind's hand," resumed Ruric. "He says he has loved her long; and he will force her to wed him if he can, though it breaks her heart!"

"My God!" gasped the Count, fairly starting up to a sitting posture, "how blind I have been! By my soul, he never was cordial—never kind."

Ruric gently laid the sick man back, and then he said,—

"From all I can see and understand, the proud Duke meant to get all your wealth and all of Rosalind's."

The Count spoke not yet. He lay with his eyes closed, and groaned in the agony of the strange revelations that were breaking in upon him.

But see! Why starts Ruric so suddenly?—and why does he turn so pale? Why do his hands tremble?—and why is his brow bent so eagerly?

"What is it?" asked the Count, startled by the strange event.

"Hold!" whispered Ruric, in a frantic tone. "You were recovering once?"

"From this wound?"

"Yes."

"Yes. I was getting well fast, and the doctors said I should be stout and well in a month. But suddenly this change came on. Let's see —On Friday morning I felt the first relapse."

"The very time!" gasped Ruric to himself.

The Count moved his head forward, and would have caught his companion by the hand if he could. "For God's sake, Ruric, what is it?"

"As I came this way I saw a hump-backed priest pass out from this house?" said the gun-maker, interrogatively.

"Yes—yes," returned the Count, speaking shortly and quickly. "It was Savotano. He has attended me. The Duke recommended him."

"And was he here Thursday night?"

"Thursday?—Ah—yes—he watched with me that night."

"And has he been in attendance since?"

"Yes—every day. But why do you ask? Say—what is that meaning upon your face? What is it?"

"At this moment the door of the apartment was quietly, noiselessly opened, and Kopani, the surgeon, entered the place.

"Ha!" cried Ruric, starting towards him, and grasping him by the arm, "your patient is poisoned! A deadly poison has been given him, and it is even now eating his life away!"

"Impossible!" gasped the surgeon, straining his eyes to see plainly who it was that spoke to him. "Ah," he uttered, as he became somewhat used to the gloom of the apartment, "is it you, sir?"

"Aye—but mind not that now. Cannot you do something for the Count?" He has been poisoned!"

"It cannot be!"

"By the hopes of my salvation!" cried Conrad Damonoff, starting up to a sitting posture, "he speaks the truth! That accursed priest! —Oh! Olga! Olga! I never dreamed that thou wast mine enemy!"

"But what is it all?" the surgeon asked, gazing first upon Ruric, and then upon the Count. "Speak, some one."

"Tell him," groaned Conrad.

"Listen:" said the gun-maker. "I have my suspicions, but mind you, they are founded on facts, and the facts are these: The Duke of Tula is well nigh free from the possession of property. His half of Drotzen is all mortgaged, and he wants the other half. That other half he cannot have while Damonoff lives. The Duke, too, has sworn that Rosalind Valdai shall be his wife—so he would have her property, also. This hump-backed priest is Olga's special tool. It was Olga got him into the church, and it was Olga who freed him more than once from deserved punishment. Last Thursday evening he was with the Duke in private council, and he came from thence directly to this place. Now you can judge for yourself."

The surgeon started slightly, and then he bowed his head. A few moments he remained thus, and then he leaped up and clasped his hands.

"By the Living God of all things," he cried, "it is! it is! There is no burning up, as I thought, of icy, wintry fire; but the hellish work is from a human hand! Hold!—I know the symptoms. I know them now. Be quiet, Conrad. It may not yet be too late."

As the surgeon spoke he hastily opened a small leathern case he carried with him, and from thence he took a powerful emetic. The woman was sent for, and when she came she obtained warm water. The potion was given—a small quantity at a time—at intervals of about five minutes, until the desired effect was produced. A strange mass of stuff was thrown up, and Kopani took it to the light and examined it. Most of it was of dark, brownish color, but with streaks of yellow, and coarse blotches of red and green. The yellow substance was of a mucous formation, while the red and green seemed to be more liquid.

"'Tis poison!" the surgeon said; "and it has been administered in small quantities."

"And cannot something be done?" asked Ruric, eagerly. "Oh! save him if you can! Save him, and I'll bless you ever. You can—oh! say you can!"

The surgeon caught the youth by the hand. There was something in this noble spirit that moved him—and he knew now that all must have been forgiven between the two men.

"I'll try," he said, "I have antidotes with me. By heavens, all is not lost yet."

"Then hasten," urged Ruric, half crazed beneath the might of the strange discovery, which he had thus helped to make.

"Be not uneasy. I will see that he suffers not for want of human skill." And as the surgeon thus spoke he moved to the side-board and fixed on an antidote; but he did not give it until the invalid had vomited all he could.

"Hold!" cried Ruric, as the surgeon took up the wine-bottle to mix the antidote with. "Touch not a thing here. Perhaps the villain has poisoned them all!"

"So it may be," Kopani said, setting down the bottle. He then turned to the woman, who had remained standing by the fire like one in a trance, and asked her to bring a fresh bottle of wine. She quickly obeyed, and when she was gone Kopani took all the articles upon the table and set them on one side. He would not throw them away, for he meant to analyse them.

When the woman returned Kopani mixed the new potion, and administered it, and ere long afterwards the Count fell asleep.

"Ruric Nevel," said the surgeon, as soon as he was sure the invalid would sleep, "will you remain here awhile. I wish to go and analyse some of these things. I have only to go to the Academy. I will be back in an hour at the furthest."

The gun-maker gladly consented to this; and having gathered up the phials and the wine bottle, and concealed them beneath his pelisse, the surgeon left.

Ruric Nevel was happier now, for hope was with him while he prayed that God might spare the unfortunate Count.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ASTOUNDING AFFAIR.

Half an hour had the gun-maker sat by the side of the sick man's bed, when he was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the gentle opening of the door. He turned and beheld a human form emerging from the narrow, dark entry way. As it came into the room the watcher started, for he beheld the hump-backed priest, Savotano.

"Who is here?" the arch fiend whispered, shading his eyes, and trying to peer into the gloom.

"——sh!" uttered Ruric. "The Count is asleep."

By this time our hero had so far overcome the first emotion caused by the villain's entrance that he could be calm.

"And who is this?" the priest whispered, moving nearer to the bed. "Ha! The gun-maker!"

"Yes," replied the youth, watching every look and movement of the fellow most closely.

"You are in a strange place, I should say," Savotano whispered, not looking the young man directly in the face, but casting upon him a sidelong glance, as though he dared not look direct.

"Speak not too loud, sir priest," said our hero, determined to enter into no conversation with the man if he could avoid it. "Do not awaken the Count, for he is very faint and weak."

And then Ruric had another reason. He feared, if Damonoff should awake, that the strange discovery they had made might be revealed; and of course he wished not that the villain should yet know how well he was understood.

"But why are you here?" pursued Savotano, who seemed determined to know. "I am this poor man's spiritual comforter, and I surely have a right to know wherefore is the presence of one bearing the peculiar relations towards him which are sustained by you."

Ruric's first impulse was one of disgust and wrath, but he managed to keep it to himself.

"Sir priest," he returned, moving his chair noiselessly nearer to the visiter, so that his whisper might not disturb the sleeper, "I heard that the Count was dying, and I would not have him die without first forgiving me for all that I had done."

"And has he done it?"

"He has."

"And why do you remain here? Where is his attendant?"

"She is out somewhere. The Count has had a strange fit—a startling spasm—and I feared if he had another the woman could not manage him alone."

"Ah," uttered Savotano. "A spasm?"

"Yes——a most strange one—as though something were at his heart—as though his brain were on fire, and his whole system shaking."

The priest turned his head away, but Ruric saw plainly the exultant look which rested there. There was no mistaking any more. That one look—for Ruric saw it—was proof enough.

"Well, well," the misshapen villain said, "I will call again when he is awake. I would not have him die, and I not by him."

Thus speaking Savotano arose and moved towards the door. His step was eager, and his every look betrayed some anxious purpose. He stopped as he reached the door and looked back, but he did not speak. Ruric was afraid he might go to the side-board to look at the medicine, but he did not. He simply cast one more glance at the watcher, and then left the room.

In half an hour more the surgeon returned. His face wore a clear, emphatic expression, and his movements were all quick and prompt, as though each one was for the purpose of announcing some self-evident decision.

"Well," he uttered, with a quickly drawn breath, "we have put the medicines to a test." And then he leaned back and looked into Ruric's face.

"And what did you find?" the young man asked.

"Just what we had expected. We have detected arsenic in three of the medicines which the Count had to take; but this poison is not alone. There is much opium in the wine, even so that we could smell it when our suspicions guided us. The poison has been most adroitly fixed. The priest must have one of those recipes which have been used by scientific poisoners, for no physician in Moscow could have concocted the deadly potion."

"But wherein was it so wondrously peculiar?" asked Ruric, with interest.

"Why—in this: Arsenic was the principal poisoning agent, but that alone would produce symptoms which any physician would know at once. In this case there was something present which overcame all the outward signs of the poison, and only let it eat upon the vitals. I know not the secret, though I know there is such an one. Had it not been for your fortunate suspicions the Count would have died, and we should have supposed he only died from the effects of the wound. The poison was working silently, and surely—without pain, and without outward sign different from the usual sinking of the worn and fainting body. But I have hopes now. The villain must not know that we have discovered him. We will let the thing run for the present."

Kopani was not a little surprised when he found that the priest had been there during his absence, but before he could make any further remark the Count awoke. He felt very faint, but that strange sickness of the stomach was lessened. The surgeon prepared some suitable diluents, and having called in the woman he gave directions that they should be given in large quantities; and also directed her to prepare some strong barley water for the patient to drink as he wanted beverage.

All the phials were replaced upon the side-board, and then refilled with liquids somewhat like those they had before contained; but the nurse was directed not to use them. Everything that her patient was to take she was to keep under her own charge in the kitchen; and she was also most particularly cautioned against allowing the priest to gain anything from her. But Kopani meant to be sure on that score. He had a little business to transact, and then he was coming back to spend the night himself by the Count's side. He meant, at all events, that the poisoner should have no more opportunity to exercise his diabolical science upon the sick nobleman. He promised the Count that he should have safe and competent watchers thereafter.

It was fairly dark now, as Ruric could see by raising the curtain and looking out. He had no idea it was so late. Time had passed without his notice. He moved to the side of the bed and took the invalid's hand.

"I must go now," he said, "but if you are willing, I will come again.——"

"You will come," uttered Conrad, in reply, returning the grasp of the hand with all his feeble power. "Oh! you must come often now. I hope I shall live. Perhaps I shall. If I do, I shall owe that life to you. And God knows—for the feeling is even now firm in my soul—that I will always remember how you saved me,—and I will never think, never, of the sad blow you struck me.—Come—come to me when you can, for now—now—as God lives I speak the truth—now I love you!"

"God bless and keep you," murmured Ruric, in a husky, tremulous voice; and with these words, coming from the very depths of his soul, he turned away and left the room. He heard the voice of the Count as he moved the door open, and thanked God that 'twas a blessing which fell upon his ears.

Ah, those who know not what true forgiveness is, know not the holiest emotion of earth!

Ruric had left his sledge at a neighboring inn, and as soon as he gained the street he bent his steps that way. He had gone half the distance from the residence of the Count to the inn, and was just upon the point of crossing the street, when he heard his name pronounced by some one behind him. He stopped and looked around, and saw a man approaching him.

It was too dark to distinguish faces plainly, even at a usual conversational distance; yet Ruric was not long in concluding that the man who had thus hailed him was a stranger. He was a medium sized man, and so closely enveloped in his bonnet and pelisse that his form and features would have been hidden even had it been lighter than it was.

"Did you speak to me?" asked the youth, as the man came up.

"Yes, sir. Is your name Ruric Nevel?"

"It is."

"Then you are wanted a few moments at the residence of a lieutenant, named Orsa."

"Alaric Orsa?" asked Ruric.

"The same."

"But he does not live here in the Kremlin."

"He is here now, at any rate, and would see you."

"But you said he was at his residence," suggested our hero, who was fearful that some evil might be meant for him.

"I know nothing to the contrary, sir," the stranger returned, promptly. "All I can say is,—Alaric Orsa has fallen upon the ice, and hurt himself severely, and upon being informed that you were near by with a sledge, he asked that you might be sent for."

"Hurt him, has he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Badly?"

"I believe no bones are broken, but he is so badly sprained that he cannot walk."

"Ah—then perhaps he wants me to carry him home."

"I can't say as to that, sir. They only sent me to find you. I don't know the man myself."

There was something so frank in the statement thus made that Ruric believed it all honest, and he stood no longer in doubt.

"I will go," he said, "but lead the way quickly, for I have no time to waste."

"I will lead as fast as you will want to follow," answered the man.

And thus speaking he turned back, and having gone some dozen rods by the way they had both come, he turned down a narrow street which led towards the river. Half way down this he went, and then he turned again—this time to the left—and thus Ruric found himself in a narrow, dark lane, within which the snow was deep and almost untrodden.

"Look ye," cried the youth, stopping as he found himself over knees in snow, "I think we have gone about far enough in this direction."

"This is the shortest way," said the stranger guide, apologetically. "I did not think the snow was so deep here. But it's only in the next street."

"Then on you go."

Again the stranger started, and Ruric followed on. The lane was a crooked one, and more than once the youth had another inclination to stop.—He had no direct fear, but yet he had some just grounds for doubt. Had he not seen what had been attempted against the Count, he might have had no such doubts now; but as it was, he thought that if one attempt had been made to ruin him through the Emperor's displeasure by the man who was now trying to murder the Count, it would not be at all improbable that some more effective plan should be adopted towards him. He was pondering thus when they came to a cross lane, full as narrow as this, into which the guide turned.

"Look ye once more, sirrah," cried the youth, now stopping short. "Do you call this a street?"

"Yes, sir; and on this street we shall find the man we seek. It is only a short cut from where he is to the inn where your horse is; so you won't have to retrace these dubious ways. Only a little further, sir."

"But I don't like this."

"Why—bless you, sir; if you wish to go direct to the inn where your horse is, this will be the nearest way."

"Well—on you go."

And on they went again—now slipping on the ice—now in the snow to their knees—and anon stumbling along over frozen hubbles and deep holes. At length the guide stopped and opened a small gate which was fixed in a high, thick brick wall. Ruric hesitated here again. He had no weapon of any kind. If he had had even a pistol, or a sword, he would have cared not. But he did not show his thoughts to his guide. The gate opened with a creak upon its frosty hinges, and by the dim star-light the youth could see an open court beyond, and further still, a house of some kind loomed up.

"This place seems not to be used much," remarked Ruric, as he saw the snow in the court was trodden but little—only one or two tracks being visible from the gate to the house."

"Ah—yes—you said—what?"

"I said this place didn't seem to be used much," the youth repeated, though he was sure the fellow heard the first time.

"Ah, yes—a—the usual entrance is the other way, by the sledge path."

"And where is that?" Ruric asked, not being able to see any such path.

"O—it's around on the other side."

By this time they had reached the door of the house, which our hero could now see had an old, dilapidated appearance, and the guide plied the iron knocker with zeal. Ere long a man made his appearance with a lantern in his hand.

"Ah—has the gun-maker come?" the latter asked.

"Yes," returned the guide.

"Well—I'm glad he's here, but I don't believe Orsa is fit to move," said the first speaker. And then turning to Ruric he said,—

"But I'm glad you've come, sir, for the lieutenant wishes to see you very much. This way, sir."

This was all so frank and prompt that the young man began to think he had been a fool for being frightened. He followed the man with the lantern into the hall, and from thence down a long flight of stairs into a basement. The lantern did not give much light, but it was sufficient to reveal the fact that the house was an old one, and not very large, for Ruric could see windows upon the opposite side of the hall which looked out of doors. As he reached the foot of the stairs he found himself upon a brick floor, and he saw that the walls were of stone. A little further on a door was opened, and this led to a small apartment within which was a fire-place, and a good fire burning.

"There, good sir," said the second guide, "if you will wait a few moments I will go and see how the lieutenant is."

As soon as Ruric was left alone he looked about him. The room was of moderate size for a small house, and the idea of inhabiting the cellars was a common one in Moscow in the winter season. The windows, two in number, were close up to the ceiling, and very small, and were patched with pieces of board in two or three places. Ere long the man came back, and with him came three others, one of whom the youth recognized as the individual who had conducted him to the house.

"Orsa will see you, sir," said he with the lantern.

Ruric arose to follow him, the other three men approaching the fire as though they would remain there. He had reached the door and passed through into the room beyond, when he thought he heard footsteps behind him. It was a sliding, shuffling sound, and he turned his head to see what it was. As he did so he received a blow which staggered him, and which would have felled an ordinary man to the floor. He gathered himself quickly up, but before he could fairly turn about he received a second blow, heavier than the first, which brought him upon his knees. In an instant all four of the men were upon him, and he could see that they had ropes in their hands with which to bind him. With all his might he threw the fellow who held his right hand back against the wall, and another he sent in an opposite direction, and in a moment more he would have been upon his feet; but just at that instant a noose was adroitly slipped over his head, and as the rope tightened about his neck he was drawn back upon the brick floor again.

"Now resist any more, and we'll choke you as sure as fate," cried the man who had held the lantern, and who now had a hold upon the rope.

"Oh!" groaned Ruric, while the massive cords worked like cables in his arms and shoulders, "give me a fair chance. Let me be up and free—then lock your doors, if you please."

"No, no, good sir." replied the ruffian, with a wicked smile. "We know your power, and we are not disposed to test it further. We have had trouble enough already. Shall we——"

The man stopped speaking, for at that moment another noose was slipped down over his his head, and ere he could avoid it, it had been drawn tightly about his arms. He was now at the mercy of his captors, and having rolled him over upon his breast they proceeded to secure his arms behind him, which being done they bade him to arise. Of course he could have no desire to lie there upon the cold bricks, and he got upon his feet as well as he could.

"Now, Ruric Nevel, I will conduct you to your own apartment." said the leader of the gang.

"But wherefore is this?" the gun-maker gasped, rendered almost speechless with the mingled emotions of surprise and anger. "Why have ye done this? Whose hirelings are ye that ye thus waylay and seize upon an honest man who has done no harm to any of you?"

"Never mind that now, sir," the ruffian coolly answered, "suffice it for you to know that you are safe for the present."

"But will ye not tell me what this is for? There is some intent."

"Yes—and come with me and you shall see. Come."

Thus speaking the man turned once more, and having picked up his lantern he moved on, while the others, taking Ruric by the arms, followed after. The prisoner made no resistance now, for he knew that it would be useless. At a short distance another flight of stairs was reached.

"Down here?" uttered Ruric, with a shudder.

"Of course. You'd freeze up here."

These words struck harshly upon the youth's soul, for they meant that he was to be detained in this lonesome place.

At the bottom of these stairs they came to a vaulted passage, at the end of which was a door. This was opened, and Ruric was led through into the place beyond. He cast his eyes quickly about, and he found himself in a narrow apartment, the walls and floor of which were of stone, and the roof of brick, the latter being arched. In one corner was a couch, and upon it was some old skins.

And here the youth was to be left. His guide simply pointed to the low couch, and then turned away. Ruric asked a question, but it was not answered. In a few moments more the heavy door was closed upon him, and he was in total darkness. He sought the couch, and with a deep groan he sank down!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ABOUT TRUE GREATNESS.

MR. LEDGER:—I was much amused not long since in listening to a steamboat conversation about Daniel Webster, and greatness generally. A lady from the vicinity of Boston, who believed her hero never drank anything stronger than sweetened water, declared that Daniel Webster was the greatest man this age had produced. Whereupon, a severe looking old man, with an under jaw and chin like the share of a patent self-sharpening plow, said with a grim smile, "I don't like to dispute a lady, but I must say that a truly great man never gets drunk." This waked up a white-neckclothed clergyman who, with much warmth, remarked that it was an ill office to slander the dead, and that for his part he considered "Daniel Webster's intellect the greatest emanation of the Divine Mind ever embodied on earth."

"Can a man be truly great without being good—moral—honest?" sneered Plowshare.

The clergyman was rather staggered by this home-thrust, but he recovered by asking his interrogator, "What is true greatness?"

"True greatness!" echoed Plowshare—"true greatness! Why, true greatness is—is the real thing—the——"

At this interesting juncture the bell rang for supper, and the debate was cut short, much to my regret. I had hoped to learn what "true greatness" is, and to have had Daniel Webster's claims to the title of a "great man" definitely settled; but as that opportunity was missed, I must now call upon you for help, and will therefore formally ask, Can a man be truly great without being what is called a good moral man? What is true greatness? Was Daniel Webster a great man? Truly Yours, CITY HALL.

We are afraid our correspondent asks too much. It is a difficult thing to "settle definitely" what true greatness is. By greatness, is generally meant eminent superiority in some one respect, or more; and he who by his own exertions has achieved incontestible pre-eminence in an honorable profession, may properly be called great. The primary sense of greatness is *vastness*, as an ocean or a mountain; next, *force* or *power in action*, as an earthquake or a tornado; next, *endurance* or *power in repose*, as a mountain of granite—"firm as the everlasting hills." When the term greatness is applied to men, it is almost always with reference to their intellectual power and executive ability. Custom has sanctioned and settled this use of the term. Consequently, a man who has a mind of vast comprehension, of towering grandeur, of gigantic executive capacity, of granitic endurance—who can execute with irresistible power that which he wills to do, is a great man.

He who erects a private and idiosyncratic standard of greatness, should keep it private, and not bring it into public conversation and debate. He might take it into his head that what we call wood should have been called iron, and what is now called iron should have been called wood: very well—let him think so; but if he declares in public that horseshoes are made of wood and flour-barrels of iron, he is justly chargeable with folly or impertinence. And it is equally foolish and impertinent to say that Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington, or Webster, was not a great man. A person may with propriety say, "I grant you, that, according to the general acceptation of the term, Napoleon, Webster, and the rest, were great men, but according to my idea of true greatness, *I* cannot accord them such a title;" but he has no right to say that those whom the world and time have stamped as great, were not great. Much confusion and useless debate would be avoided if people would be more precise in their expressions—if, instead of saying Wellington was a great *man*, they would say he was a great *soldier*; that Webster was pre-eminent for intellectual power; that Washington was pre-eminent for judgment, fortitude and integrity; and in a similar manner always indicate what qualities occasion them to acknowledge a man's greatness.

Greatness relates to strength, power, achievement; Goodness relates to agreeableness and beauty. Which is the more important of these two qualities, and the more worthy of applause, is another and altogether a distinct subject. Taking eternity into the question, it is our opinion that GOODNESS—including morality, piety, and whatever else is good—is the only thing that will prove advantageous in the long run, and is therefore the most important of all human attributes.

SLEEP.

Sleep is a state of the body and mind which every one knows something of from experience, but which very few can define correctly. The word sleep cannot be explained by any simpler word in the English language. Hence in order to convey an idea of its nature, we are compelled to describe it at length, and to distinguish it from similar states of the mental and corporeal powers. In complete sleep, that is sleep without dreams, we are not conscious; we do not, by any means of any of our senses, perceive the existence and presence of the material world; and if the understanding, imagination, passions or any of the powers of our minds are active we know nothing of their operations.—We do not think, and consequently we do not will and do not act voluntarily. Unlike those states of insensibility or stupor produced by extensive cold, by loss of blood, or by any injury to the body—unlike fainting it is natural to all animals, necessary to life, returns regularly and has an invigorating, healthful influence on the whole system. Unlike death, it is only a temporary suspension of the exercise of some of our mental and physical powers; a short resting-time to a portion of the wonderful machinery of life, not a complete and final cessation of its movements. In sleep the soul reposes from labor, at death it departs from the body.

A CELEBRATED wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attatched, "I know no reason," replied he, "except the great regard we have for each other."

RESPONSIBILITY OF AUTHORS.

In one of his admirable "Spectators," Adison, in remarking upon the everlasting nature of works of genius, says: If writings are thus durable, and may pass from age to age through the whole course of time, how careful should an author be of committing anything to print that may corrupt posterity, and poison the minds of men with vice and error! Writers of great talent, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and seasoning *vicious sentiments* with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind. They leave books behind them (as it is said of those who die in distempers which breed an ill-will toward their own species) to scatter infection and destroy their posterity. They act the counterparts of a Confucius or a Socrates; and seem to have been sent into the world to deprave human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality.

The following anecdote with which Adison concludes his paper, is one of the finest pieces of satire in the English language: To take off from the severity of this speculation, I shall conclude with the story of an atheistical author, who at a time when he lay dangerously sick, and had desired the assistance of a neighboring curate, confessed to him with great contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his heart than the sense of his having seduced the age by his writings, and that their evil influence was likely to continue even after his death. The curate upon further examination, finding the penitent in the utmost agonies of despair, and being himself a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The penitent still urged the evil tendency of his book to subvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whose writings would continue to do mischief when his body was laid in ashes. The curate, finding no other way of comforting him, told him he did well in being afflicted for the evil *design* with which he published his book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt; that his cause was so very bad, and his arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects of it; in short, that he might rest satisfied his book could do no more mischief after his death, than it had done while he was living. To which he added, for his farther satisfaction, that he did not believe any beside his particular friends and acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that anybody after his death would ever inquire after it. The dying man had still so much of the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and without answering the good man, asked his friends about him (with a peevishness that is natural to a sick person) where they had picked up such a blockhead? and whether they thought him a proper person to attend one in his condition? The curate, finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a short admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the sickness grew desperate. The author however recovered, and has written two or three other tracts with the same spirit, and very luckily for his poor soul, with the same success.

THE BLACK SEA.

If the reports which have reached this country of the results of the Peace Conference at Paris are correct, the Black Sea has ceased to be a Russian lake, and its waters are to be traversed hereafter, only by merchant vessels. The most important question, then, at the present time regarding it, is; what facilities does it furnish to commerce?

Its length is 760 miles; its width varies from 160 to 380 miles; its area (not including the Sea of Azoff) about 170,000 square miles. It is nearly five and a half times larger than Lake Superior, and only a little larger in area than the Baltic.

Its navigation is neither difficult nor dangerous; it is almost entirely free from islands and rocks. There is no sensible tide in it. Storms are not uncommon, but they are never of long duration. The sea is, however, short and troublesome, more especially about the entrance of the channel of Constantinople. In summer the prevailing winds blow from north-east and north; in autumn, winter and spring they are often southerly and various. Harbors are numerous. Some of the northern ones are frozen up during January and February. The harbor of Odessa is generally open during the whole winter. Sevastopol and the other ports of the Crimea are never frozen. Before the war there was ordinarily from 600 to 1000 vessels of from 100 to 300 tons and upward annually employed in the trade of Odessa and the other Russian ports! and a nearly equal number is engaged in the trade of the great corn countries along the Lower Danube. Steam packets ply regularly between Constantinople, Vienna, the Russian ports, Trebizond, Batum, and other ports. The commercial intercourse between the northern and southern shores is not great; the produce of the Anatolian shores, which consists of grain, timber and copper, not being in demand in Russia, which exports the same commodities. Trading vessels export the corn, hides, timber, iron, and furs of Russia, and import wine, fruits, and the manufactures of England and France.

As the late war has for a long time fixed the attention of the world upon this sea, and been the means of spreading among merchants a knowledge of the resources and wants of the countries which surround it, we expect the return of peace will be followed by a large and rapid increase in the number of merchant vessels traversing its waters.

DELIGHTS OF SPRING.

BY NELLIE L. G.

The balmy air of cheery spring
Breathes o'er us once again,
Inspiring life in every thing,
And joy and beauty then.

We hail its advent with delight,
With gladsome heart and tongue,
For it chants the dirge of wintry night,
Which darkness o'er us hung.

We love to see in early spring
The calm blue sky above,
Which seems to bend, like angel wing,
O'er earth in kindly love.

We love to see the landscape drear
Assume a brighter phase,
When opening buds and flowers appear
To greet the sunny days.

We love to hear the merry notes
Of Nature's lovely choir,
As o'er the breeze their music floats
Like strains of sweet-toned lyre.

We love to hear the brooklets clear,
With rippling murmurs flow,
When streams unlock their frozen bier,
Of chilling ice and snow.

We love to know a Father's hand
Spreads all these beauties 'round,
That 'neath the sun of every land,
His blessings rich are found.

We love to feel, 'tis sweet to bless
A Father's tender care,
Who decks the fields in living dress,
And sends the summer air.

NEW HAVEN, April, 1856.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

May Hunter sat in a plainly furnished parlor, alone. She was not beautiful—her brow was too high and her features too irregular for mere loveliness—but she looked good and noble and true, and the glances of her deep dark eye had a peculiar fascination. She was dressed very simply but with an evident eye to effect—and it needed no sage or seer to tell that the few simple ornaments—the careful arrangement of her glossy hair, and the pretty blue ribbon that fastened her collar, were all to please the fastidious gaze of a lover.

A laggard lover! For he should have been with her when the clock struck seven, and now it was nearly nine. A flush of mingled expectation and anxiety was on her cheek, as she counted the moments as they dragged along. In after years she learned a lesson—and never wearied for the presence of an absentee. But now she was neither self-contained nor philosophic, but simply a loving and affectionate girl—and rising from her seat she walked the floor in agony.

"Why don't he come!" fell from her lips, and as she spoke the words, the door opened and he stood beside her.

She sprang towards him, threw her arms around his neck and buried her face in his bosom. Frank Hunter, her cousin, was a splendid specimen of manhood. Hardly twenty-two years of age, he was stately and beautiful as a young Antinous. His eyes, of a deep sunny blue, were full of light and laughter—his low-arched forehead was smooth and white as alabaster—crimson lips and beautifully white teeth were well displayed by a careless, happy smile, and his curling auburn hair shaded his cheeks and throat with graceful rings.

She looked up in his gay, handsome face with adoration. He smiled kindly, and then growing serious led her to a sofa and sat down beside her. She felt instinctively that something cruel was to be said, and pressed her lips firmly together, determined to bear it calmly.

"I have seen my father, May," said Frank, avoiding her steady glance and looking guilty and embarrassed.

She bowed her head. He gathered courage from her silence and went on.

"He says it can never be. You know he has some old-fashioned notions about the marriage of cousins."

"Frank, that is not all!" she said, laying her hand on his arm, and looking earnestly into his face. He colored deeply.

"No, May. He wishes me to marry the daughter of his partner—Julia Steele."

"She is very beautiful I hear," said May, vaguely.

"Very," said the young man, with sudden warmth. It was a lucky word for him. His cousin saw his heart at once—saw all the meanness and duplicity there, and from that hour his release was certain. She took a diamond ring from her finger—drew a small locket, set with pearls, from the chain of her watch, and without one look at the fair, false face within, laid them upon the table before him.

"Frank," she said, with a mournful dignity that became her well, "I can keep these gifts no longer. I see you love the heiress better than the poor cousin. Take back the ring and picture, Frank—I never want to see them again."

"You are mistaken, May," said the young man, hurriedly; but she smiled scornfully, and he could not go on.

"Don't deny it, Frank. It is plain enough. I wonder how I have been such a fool! I ought to have known no Hunter could ever care for a poor and humble woman when a rich and beautiful one might be had for the asking. For I have not even beauty to keep you true to me, Frank."

She sighed, and looked thoughtfully up in the handsome face, whose charm for her had never been stronger than in this moment of discovered treachery and certain separation. He took her hand and said, earnestly:

"May, you are good enough and beautiful enough for any man. It is I who have been the fool! Forgive me!"

"I have nothing to forgive, Frank," she said, in her usual tone. "But when are you to marry her?"

He looked at her and tried to evade the question.

"Have you a tongue!" she said, sharply, losing her assumed patience for a moment. "If so, speak out and tell the truth, like a man! I may as well hear it from you as from any other."

"Since you will have it," he said impatiently, "next month. I would not have told you, but you would make me!"

"How kind!" she said, with a sarcastic smile. "Perhaps my good uncle means to invite me. Are you sure, Frank, he didn't send you to ask me to be one of the bridesmaids?"

"May—don't talk so, for heaven's sake," said her cousin, rising from his seat. "It is very evident, that as my father said——"

He stopped short and bit his lip.

"Pray go on," said May, benevolently. "I know how well my uncle likes me—and upon my word I begin to return his love. What did he say, Frank?"

"That you cared more for your pen than you ever did for me," said the exasperated young man, "and that if I would marry an authoress, I might expect to see no more of my wife at home than the public choose to let me."

She turned pale, but answered with a short, hard laugh.

"Ah!—your father said that, did he? Give him my compliments and tell him May Hunter says the day may come when he will be glad to claim kindred with the 'authoress.' As for you, Frank, may you be happy. Go now."

"But you, May?"

"Oh, don't fear for me. I am perfectly cured of my love for you."

"Are we going to part in this way, May?"

She looked at him a moment in perfect silence, then flung herself upon his breast, and kissed his eyes, lips, forehead and hair a thousand times—and was gone!

Four weeks later she sat in her city home and read the marriage of her cousin Frank. She did not faint or weep, for her bitter lesson had made her hard and cold and stern. She sat a few moments with the paper in her hand, then laid it quietly upon the blazing grate and watched it till it burned itself away to ashes.

That done, she turned herself away with a proud smile and busied herself with the scattered manuscripts that lay upon her writing desk.

CHAPTER II.

"Frank, will you go with me to-night to the *soiree?*" said the pretty Mrs. Hunter, tripping into the study where her husband sat reading by the window.

"I can't. Let my sister take you," he said, without lifting his eyes from his book.

"What are you reading?" she rattled on. "What is interesting enough to make you give up your cigar at this time of day?" and laying her hand upon his shoulder she looked over the page and read—"There is no love or sorrow so deep that a brave heart need be crushed by them."

"How very odd!" she said, with a light laugh. "What is it, Frank?"

"A book by May Hunter—my cousin," said her husband, speaking her name for the first time in four years.

"May Hunter—the authoress—your cousin?" said his wife, with wide open eyes. "Why didn't you tell me before. Why she is the 'lion' of the town—the soiree is given in her honor, and then I shall not be able to speak to her! How stupid in you!" and the little woman looked half inclined to cry.

"Are you sure that she will be there tonight?" said Frank, eagerly.

"Of course I am. Every one is going on that account. How could you be so strange, Frank? Here I might have been driving round for the last week with her and making every one look and stare, and that hateful Mrs. Stone has had her all to herself, while every one else was dying of envy. I declare, Frank, it's too bad. I've a great mind never to speak to you again."

"Pshaw! Don't be so foolish, Julia," said her husband, quietly. "Go and put on your fripperies and go the soiree. I will come in before it is over and introduce you to Miss Hunter."

She gave him a delighted kiss, which he received very indifferently, and hurried away to her toilet. He resumed his book with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. May had never married, yet he felt, instinctively, it was not because she regretted him. He knew that he was not her equal—he also felt that she knew it, and the thought humbled him. He finished his book late in the evening and went to the soiree, half longing and half dreading the interview. May had grown rich and famous. How would she receive one who deserted her when she was poor and obscure?

He entered the rooms with a guilty and embarrassed air. He saw his wife as he turned from greeting his hostess, and bowed to her. She was sitting on a *tete-a-tete* chattering away like a bird, and evidently very much at ease with a tall, fine-looking girl who sat beside her, and bent her haughty head with a look of blended interest and scorn to hear what she was saying. Hunter felt his heart beat rapidly. Could that elegant woman, whose noble face and striking air contrasted so strongly with the mere physical beauty of her companion, be May? And that smile upon her scornful lip—the glance of the large eyes that were reading the shallow soul of his wife—what did they mean?

With a troubled heart he obeyed the summons of his wife and approached her. May raised her handsome eyes to his face, without seeming to recognise him.

"My husband—Miss Hunter," said Julia, with a glance of astonishment, and then Frank bowed deeply over the hand he had often held before, and raised his eyes to hers.

She welcomed him with graceful ease and apologized politely for her forgetfulness, while he seemed so bewildered that Julia said with a gay laugh,—

"Upon my word, Frank, you look as if Miss Hunter was some former lady love instead of the most celebrated authoress we have among us."

"I can assure you," said May merrily, "neither your husband or myself are heart-broken for each other," and waiving him to a seat just before them, she continued the conversation his coming had interrupted.

But May could not be permitted to remain in obscurity long. One by one her admirers stole around her, till Julia laughingly declared she thought *herself* the centre of attraction. Frank sat in the midst of the group with a moody brow. The light laughing voice of his wife sounded like "tinkling brass" on his ear, beside the deep, full musical tones of May—and it seemed to him that Julia had never said so many pointless and silly things before, as when so many of her superiors were listening.

He gazed stealthily now and then at May. How calm and noble she looked! How grand the shape and development of her head—how graceful every motion—how sweet her smile! How all bent, instinctively, to do homage to her strong nature! And he who might have won and worn the pearl, had cast it carelessly aside. She had forgotten all—she was free from every thought that could pain her—but the pang of memory came to him, when he saw her there honored by those who were far above him and looking a queen regnant beside his vain and pretty wife.

The parting words—the parting scene came back vividly before him—and with that crowd around him, he drank to the very dregs the cup he had placed at *her* lips four years before.

"What makes you look so pale, Frank?" whispered Julia. "Are you ill? Do you want to go home?"

And starting from his reverie, he heard May saying in answer to some question,—

"I think we writers are apt to give love an undue importance. It is not now, as in Byron's time—'woman's whole existence.' We get on very well by busying ourselves with other things. Yes—love can be forgotten—and forgiven—which is perhaps hardest, when we know and feel the object to be perfectly unworthy."

Her eyes fell on her cousin as she spoke. Rising a moment after, she bade the circle a graceful good night—bowed to Frank and his wife, and taking the arm of a noble looking man who stood beside her walked slowly down the room.

"Who is that?" said Frank eagerly.

"Why how you are behind the times!" was his wife's reply. "That is the poet—John Villiers—and soon to be your cousin."

"Is May going to be married, Julia?"

"So Madame Rumor says. I know nothing more about it, for of course I couldn't ask her. What a charming woman she is, Frank? You may believe I was proud enough when she asked Mrs. Stone for an introduction to me, and called me her cousin, before the whole room. Come," she added, with a pretty yawn, "let's go home. What use is there in staying here now, the star of the evening has set."

"None, indeed," said her husband with a suppressed sigh. And shawling his wife, he handed her to her carriage, and walked moodily home by himself.

May was amply avenged!

LOVE AND INTELLECT.

Heaven knows how many simple letters from simple-minded women have been kissed, cherished, and wept over by men of far loftier intellect. So it will always be to the end of time. It is always a lesson worth learning by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, and to dazzle by their genius, that though he may admire, no man ever *loves* a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with them—her woman's nature and her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Staels and Corinnes to take to his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him except that she is—a true woman.

CROSSING BROADWAY.

The best place in the United States for developing physical activity and a capacity for grand and lofty tumbling, is undoubtedly that portion of Broadway lying between Barnum's Museum and St. Paul's Church. To cross the street at that point, at the height of vehicular tide, requires a firmness of nerve and a strength and suppleness of muscle such as few possess. You watch your opportunity until you fancy you see your way clear and then make a rush. But a butcher's cart dashes right into your path and stops; you look to the right and see half a dozen omnibus poles coming down on you; from the left a fast young man is driving a $600 horse dead upon you; you hope to save yourself by a retreat, but a couple of omnibuses have locked wheels directly behind you—and there you are. There is no time for reflection. A jump must be made *somewhere*, and you make it—into the butcher's cart, and you are grabbed by the leg by his bull-dog, in whose teeth we will leave you.

MOCK HUMILITY.—On the 20th March the Emperor and Empress of Austria washed the feet of 24 old people, viz: 12 old women and 12 old men. The oldest of the women was 89, and the youngest 84; the oldest of the men was 81, the youngest 82; the ages of the 24 combined amounted to 2052 years.

PLEASANT THINGS.

BY NATHALIE CARL.

Pleasant.—To say "not at home" to the servant, and, by some blunder or other, have the visitor (who is always sure to be just the one you wouldn't see on any account) walking into your room the next moment, and catching you in all the confusion of curl papers, dressing gown, and a most unmitigated—*fib!*

Pleasant.—To go down in the cars, or on foot, and have every third man you meet, put on a look of complacent pity (no matter if he isn't three feet high, and is homely as a hedge fence) and look at you, as if you were just on the point of falling at his feet through pure love and adoration. More especially, as etiquette forbids you stopping and telling him outright what a donkey he is, in your private estimation.

Pleasant.—To find that Sarah Ann, your chambermaid, has worn your "fix ups" down Broadway and into the Bowery Theatre, and to be bowed to by "fast" men afterwards, who take you for that damsel, by your dress.

Pleasant.—To find your good looking husband in the very middle of the honeymoon, kissing the cook behind the kitchen door, and telling her how much handsomer she is than her mistress.

Pleasant.—To fall in love with a nice young man, who "pays his devours" to you and your mother's ice cream and jellies all the winter—starts off on a journey in the spring, and sends you his wedding card in August from the top of the White Mountains.

Pleasant.—To read a sketch or poem of your own to some particular friend, and hear him *snore*, just as you are "piling up the agony" to the highest pitch.

Pleasant.—To go into the first hall of the LEDGER office in a state of abstraction, and be recalled to earth by a sharp thump on the head from a bale of papers descending from the upper regions! Also, to look up to the third loft in bewilderment, and see two of the "imps" in an agony of delight at your mishap!

Pleasant.—To go down to the Post Office for an advertised letter, and be told, very politely, that it has been taken out by some one else the previous week.

Pleasant.—To have your "worser half" come into your dressing room, with your milliner's bill and a face a yard long, and set down upon that very pet bonnet of yours, for which he is going to lecture you—thereby adding insult to injury.

Pleasant,—To think you have made "an expression" on the heart of some susceptible youth by your splendid height and coquettish glances, and overhear him describing you afterwards to a friend, as a big woman, with greenish eyes!"

Pleasant.—To write letters, some stormy evening, to your best of "lovyers"—put them, by mistake, into the wrong envelopes the next morning—and take the consequences!

Pleasant.—When angling for a lover and intending to bring him to the point in a few days time, and happen into the conservatory and surprise him on his knees before your black-eyed cousin Lizzie who is just sealing her "yes" in a way that strongly tempts you to choke them both together.

Pleasant.—To talk sentimentally to some early flame, of your "happiest days" and "crushed hopes," and find out the next day that he has a wife and seven children—two of whom are down-sick with the chicken pox.

Pleasant.—To "stub" your toe, and fall flat on the pavement and see every one breaking their hearts with laughing when you get up.

Pleasant, above all.—To lose all faith in humanity, with one exception—to believe, religiously, in the truth of the one person—and to have your eyes opened, some fine day, to his knowledge of "the tricks of the trade," in a manner that makes you laugh till you cry, after the first burst of astonishment is over, to think you could ever have been so verdant as to have expected faith and friendship in woman, or single mindedness and sincerity in man!

From the Vernon (N. Y.) Transcript.

CONTRIBUTORIAL "PUFFING."

We are sorry to see the desire for a "puff" for every article they contribute to a newspaper, growing in the minds of many of the young writers of the day. They seem to think that every insertion of their productions should be prepared by "an appropriate introduction," and followed up with a "flattering notice."

We are always suspicious when such requests are made. It does seem to us as if said articles *needed bolstering*, and were too frail and helpless to go forth alone. Better keep the thought until it has passed through the "incipient stages" then send it forth half-fledged, to flutter, and—to fall. Our young friends forget that such praise as their palates require is generally too laudatory to be true or useful; in fact, it is apt to create a false impression, poisoning the mind with an idea that they stand higher on the ladder of renown than they do.

We admit that such praise is sweet; but commendation of this kind, compared with the honest truth when deserved, reminds us of the fact, that arsenic is sweeter than sugar. Our friends will readily draw the inference.

W. E. P.

A NEW WATCH.—A great improvement in the manufacture of watches has just been made in Geneva, by which watch-keys are rendered unnecessary. By simply turning a screw in the handle the watch is wound up, and another movement regulates the hands. The first watch manufactured with this improvement is intended for America, and its case is said to be a rich and curious specimen of art, and historically interesting, the ornamental border containing a view of the famous Charter Oak of Connecticut.

RAVAGES OF INSECTS.—The ravages of insects have been so great, at certain seasons, and in some sections of the country, that it is estimated that $10,000,000 worth of property was destroyed in that way, in the year 1854 alone, in the State of New York.

AN OLD MAN'S QUESTION.

Tell me can a youthful maiden
Love an old grey-headed man?
Do not smile, but give an answer,
Cheering dearest, as ye can.

The question you've proposed, kind sir,
Is calculated to perplex;
But yet methinks I'll thus define
Love's secret influence o'er my sex.

A girl can love a grey old man,
Yea even with a warmth sincere,
If he has traits of character
Which in a "father" we revere.

But, oh! true love of nature's birth,
If to its impulse left alone,
Lacks some young heart where equal pulse
Throbs back the rapture of its own.

WHERE WAS OPHIR?

Among the most ancient nations, the Egyptians and the Phœnicians took the lead as navigators. The Egyptians built their boats from the root, cut their masts from the stalk, made their sails from the bark, and twisted their cordage from the stoutest fibres, of the stoutest papyrus. These vessels were not, and probably could not be trusted as sea boats; but they served the purpose of an extensive inland trade on the Nile and the numerous canals which it fed. The Phœnicians, on the other hand, masters of a sterile and rugged country, driven to commerce by the paucity of their agricultural gains, and having equal access to the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, established maritime intercourse with the most remote coasts of the then known world. Of the details of their naval architecture we know nothing; but from the extent and danger of their voyages we may infer that they had attained no inconsiderable amount of skill. Sidon was their chief port, and before the Homeric age they had undoubtedly reached India as their eastward terminus, while they had planted colonies beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

It was by means of Phœnician navigators that Solomon conducted the traffic which flooded his capital with the precious metals, and made his reign proverbial throughout the regions of the East for wealth and magnificence. Ophir and Tarshish were the chief emporia of this commerce. As to the locality of Ophir, there is almost a world-wide difference of opinion. the three years consumed in making the voyage, and the identity of the radical letters of Ophir and Peru, have given rise to the irrational hypothesis that the New World furnished gold for the Hebrew temple. Gesenius supposes Ophir to have been a portion of the sea-coast of Arabia, as that name stands in Genesis among Arpbian countries, and may itself be traced, as he thinks, to an Arabian orign. But if this were the case, the gold and silver, as well as the ivory and peacocks, brought thence, must have been imported, not indigenious. Eastern Africa, which has also been supposed by many to have been the terminus of these voyages, could not have furnished the precious stones or the sandal [*almug*] wood, which made part of the return cargoes. Josephus, who probably was not without traditional authority, speaks unhesitatingly of Ophir as having been the Chersonesus Aurea, now known as the peninsula of Malacca. It is believed that there are none of the commodities named as the products of Solomon's commerce which Malacca might not have furnished from within its own borders, or from nearly adjacent regions. Nor will the voyage appear unreasonably long, when we consider that the ancients coasted where they could, transacted much business from port to port, and had not vessels so rigged as to enable them to cross the Indian Ocean except under favor of the monsoons.

As to Tarshish, the other principle mart of Hebrew traffic, the learned have been still more widely divided, it having been questioned whether there was such a place, or whether the word may not be a generic term either for a gold region or for the sea. But we find no valid reason for doubting that this name denotes a flourishing Phœnician city and colony on the Spanish coast. To be sure, *ships of Tarshish* are sometimes mentioned in the Bible, where it is impossible that the reference can be to the region that we have named. But this phrase probably denote vessels of a peculiar construction, such having been first built either at Tarshish, or for the Tarshish trade, just as English call all vessels of a certain model *Indiamen*, and as, in Massachusetts, there is a certain class of small fishing vessels called Chebacco boats, simply because the first in use were built in the ancient parish of Chebacco, in Gloucester.

Herodotus describes an exploring expedition undertaken by a Phœnician fleet under the orders of Pharaoh Necho, who flourished about 600, B. C.; and, if we interpret his words literally, and suppose the narrative authentic, these navigators must have doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and ascended the Western coast of Africa. But the swell occasioned by the junction of the Atlantic and Indian Ocean is so great at all seasons of the year, that a vessel can make the passage only by standing out to sea; and there is no reason to suppose that the Phœnician vessels at this early period, were capable of holding off from the shore of the Cape of Good Hope under any possible circumstance of wind and current, so as to avoid shipwreck. Moreover, this discovery of Western Africa is not once alluded to by any ancient writer, but on the other hand, it is expressly asserted by several authors who must have been familiar with Herodotus, that Africa had never been circumnavigated till a much later period. Yet more, in the time of Ptolemy, Africa was universally supposed to sweep round the Indian Ocean, so as to join the continent of Asia to the eastward of Malacca. Pharaoh's navigators undoubtedly reached a southern latitude, but their explorations were probably confined to the Atlantic coast.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10.

TERMS OF THE LEDGER, Two Dollars per annum; two copies, for Three Dollars; payable invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler. The best way to get our paper is at the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

THE GUN-MAKER OF MOSCOW will not be published in book form; nor will we, as a general thing, allow our Stories to be issued elsewhere than in our own columns. If you want, therefore, to preserve the Stories you must preserve the LEDGER.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER can be obtained at all the periodical and newspaper stores throughout the United States and Canada.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

We are pleased to inform our readers that we have entered into an arrangement with the popular novellette and story-writer, SYLVANUS COBB, JR., whereby he is to write *exclusively* for the NEW YORK LEDGER. He will not write a line for any other paper. Mr. COBB has for a long time been connected with the Boston press; and besides writing a great amount of matter which has been published over his own name, he has been engaged in *building up* at least *half a dozen* other names. AUSTIN C. BURDICK, under which name *Ballou's Pictorial* has just published a Tale, is no more nor less than one of Mr. COBB'S *noms de plume*. Another Boston weekly made considerable noise some time ago about a story by HORACE B. STANIFORD. That also was Mr. COBB'S Tale.

We will practice no such "game," however, in our columns; we will do Mr. COBB, as well as our readers, the justice to publish all his Stories under his own name; so that the admirers of *Austin C. Burdick* and *Horace B. Staniford* (imaginary names) will find all the writings of their favorites under Mr. COBB'S own name in our columns.

Our circulation is now increasing with extraordinary rapidity. Of last week's paper we printed two hundred and twenty-two reams, or *one hundred and eleven thousand*, printer's count. This is, at least, twenty or thirty thousand copies ahead of any weekly paper in the United States, the Weekly Tribune alone excepted; and we are determined to leave "no stone unturned" until we have introduced the LEDGER into "every nook and corner of the land." Of numerous other attractions which we have in store, we do not now intend to speak; our paper *must* speak for itself.

THE LESSON OF THE WAR.

The late European war has exerted as mighty an influence over the opinions and heart of the world as over its commerce. The fluctuation in trade has been equalled if not surpassed by the changes in public sentiment and the elevation and the depression in public feeling. During the continuance of the contest, the attention of the civilized world in both hemispheres has been fixed on the combatants; their characters as well as their resources, have been a subject of study; and the blood, so lavishly shed in the desperate struggle, has had at last one good influence and perhaps the only one,—to teach man the folly and barbarity of war among civilized nations and to move the human heart everywhere to the exercise of pity and sympathy. The tragedy is ended, but it leaves behind it a lasting impression upon the opinions, the heart, the character of the spectators. The results of the contest have not changed, though they have served to modify and in many cases to strengthen our previous ideas of the character and resources of the parties engaged. Those who sympathise with Russia and those who sympathise with Turkey and the Allies retain the opinions of four years ago. The friends of Russia still believe her to be invincible; the friends of Turkey still have confidence in her ability to defend herself from her great antagonist. A calm has succeeded to the storm of passion which raged around Sebastopol, and sent wave after wave of mingled rage and pity through the breasts of man to the end of the earth. The excitement produced in the country by the reports from the seat of war has nearly subsided, and now we are at leisure to admire and praise the valor of the combatants, to count the dead and sympathise with the bereaved living. There is no difference of opinion regarding the heroic courage of the Russian soldiers who defended the great fortress, or of the British soldiers who fought like Britons at Balaklava and Inkerman, or of the French soldiers who took the Malakoff, or of the Turkish soldiers who dared and suffered so nobly at Silistria and at Kars. The war since its commencement has been the means of sweeping into eternity about *one million* of such brave men; their graves, if placed in a line, would reach from New York to the Mississippi. *Five* millions have wept for the loss of dear friends, of fathers and brothers and sons; *five* millions of men bear back to their families the scars of the wounds which they have received in deadly conflict. In presence of these sad facts every feeling of the spectators should be swallowed up and lost in sorrow for the dead and sympathy for the suffering survivors. The history and results of the last war ought to diffuse and strengthen a love of peace over the entire globe, and well will it be for the American people, if the better feelings which they experienced as spectators control their future conduct as individuals and as a nation.

GOOD-NATURE.

Man is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows, by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbor. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half of the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing, therefore, which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which is denominated good-nature.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced into an art. These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good-nature; but without it, are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is usually born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are the great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow for itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.

CONGRESSIONAL BLACKGUARDS.

It has become lamentably common of late for Members of Congress not only to abuse, blackguard, and assault each other, but also to attack private individuals who have no means of defending themselves on the floor of Congress, and afterwards to refuse to make any reparation. These public, official blackguards deal out their Billingsgate and their vituperations with a copiousness and fluency which argue a plentiful supply and a practiced tongue, and then sneak behind their constitutional "Privilege" which shields them from responsibility for what they say in Congress. Your *honorable* Senator, like a snarling dog, grown insolent upon fat diet, with his head thrust out of his kennel, barks and yelps with a swollen courage, in the full consciousness that he has a constitutional "privilege" at his back, into which he can retreat, when the insulted turn to inflict merited chastisement. The name of a Congressman who would thus insult a citizen and refuse him reparation, should be a hissing and a byword from the Aroostook to the Rio Grande.

INTERFERENCE IN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

BALTIMORE, May, 1856.

MR. LEDGER:—About five years ago I fell in love with a beautiful girl, and my attachment was reciprocal. Her parents opposed our union, and compelled her to marry another. Since her marriage, her husband has become quite dissipated and abuses her shamefully. I still love her, and think if she was free from her husband she would still love me, although she is too good a woman to think of such a thing now while she is the wife of another. What I wish to know is this, namely: Would it be wrong for me to speak to her about getting a divorce, and if possible induce her to get rid of the wretch? or, in case that could not be done, would it be wrong for me to challenge the villian and put an end to him at once? He is a great scamp. Yours truly,

MARYLAND.

We think it would be wrong for "Maryland" to interfere in either of the ways proposed by him. His best way will be to let things take their course. It is time enough for an "outsider" to meddle with any couple's domestic affairs when he is solicited to do so, or when they have themselves made up their minds to live separately.

OUR FORM.—In reply to a correspondent, we would state that the *Boston Museum*, a paper published in Boston a few years ago, was the *first* weekly of the same size and form of the LEDGER. It had a similar border to that of the LEDGER, but our beautiful heading, and general typographical appearance, are much superior to anything yet published; still the *Museum* was the *first*—the *original*, so far as the form is concerned, and while it lived was a very good paper. The LEDGER, however, is the *only* illustrated weekly of the kind ever published in the United States; and its great popularity proves that it stands *first* with the people.

ALL THE STORIES that appear in the LEDGER are original; and when exchange papers copy them they must give the customary credit, or we will most positively decline exchanging with them.

BACK NUMBERS, containing Mr. Cobb's new Story complete, as far as published, can be obtained at our office; or they can be ordered through any newsdealer.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congres, in the year 1855, by R. BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"LEAVES OF GRASS."

Well baptized: fresh, hardy, and grown for the masses. Not more welcome is their natural type to the winter-bound, bed-ridden, and spring-emancipated invalid. "Leaves of Grass" thou art unspeakably delicious, after the forced, stiff, Parnassian exotics for which our admiration has been vainly challenged.

Walt Whitman, the effeminate world needed thee. The timidest soul whose wings ever drooped with discouragement, could not choose but rise on thy strong pinions.

> "Undrape—you are not guilty to me, nor stale nor discarded;
> I see through the broadcloth and gingham whether or no."
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> "O despairer, here is my neck,
> You shall *not* go down! Hang your whole weight upon me."

Walt Whitman, the world needed a "Native American" of thorough, out and out breed—enamored of *women* not *ladies*, *men* not *gentlemen*; something beside a mere Catholic-hating Know-Nothing; it needed a man who dared speak out his strong, honest thoughts, in the face of pusillanimous, toadeying, republican aristocracy; dictionary-men, hypocrites, cliques and creeds; it needed a large-hearted, untainted, self-reliant, fearless son of the Stars and Stripes, who disdains to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage; who does

> "Not call one greater or one smaller,
> That which fills its period and place being equal to any;"

who will

> "Accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

Fresh "Leaves of Grass!" not submitted by the self-reliant author to the fingering of any publisher's critic, to be arranged, re-arranged and disarranged to his circumscribed liking, till they hung limp, tame, spiritless, and scentless. No. It were a spectacle worth seeing, this glorious Native American, who, when the daily labor of chisel and plane was over, himself, with toil-hardened fingers, handled the types to print the pages which wise and good men have since delighted to endorse and to honor. Small critics, whose contracted vision could see no beauty, strength, or grace, in these "Leaves," have long ago repented that they so hastily wrote themselves down shallow by such a premature confession. Where an Emerson, and a Howitt have commended, my woman's voice of praise may not avail; but happiness was born a twin, and so I would fain share with others the unmingled delight which these "Leaves" have given me.

I say unmingled; I am not unaware that the charge of coarseness and sensuality has been affixed to them. My moral constitution may be hopelessly tainted or—too sound to be tainted, as the critic wills, but I confess that I extract no poison from these "Leaves"—to me they have brought only healing. Let him who can do so, shroud the eyes of the nursing babe lest it should see its mother's breast. Let him look carefully between the gilded covers of books, backed by high-sounding names, and endorsed by parson and priest, lying unrebuked upon his own family table; where the asp of sensuality lies coiled amid rhetorical flowers. Let him examine well the paper dropped weekly at his door, in which virtue and religion are rendered disgusting, save when they walk in satin slippers, or, clothed in purple and fine linen, kneel on a damask "*prie-dieu*."

Sensual!—No—the moral assassin looks you not boldly in the eye by broad daylight; but Borgia-like takes you treacherously by the hand, while from the glittering ring on his finger he distils through your veins the subtle and deadly poison.

Sensual? The artist who would inflame, paints you not nude Nature, but stealing Virtue's veil, with artful artlessness now conceals, now exposes, the ripe and swelling proportions.

Sensual? Let him who would affix this stigma upon "Leaves of Grass," write upon his heart, in letters of fire, these noble words of its author:

> "In woman I see the bearer of the great fruit, which is immortality * * * * the good thereof is not tasted by *roues*, and never can be.
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> Who degrades or defiles the living human body is cursed,
> Who degrades or defiles the body of the dead is not more cursed."

Were I an artist I would like no more suggestive subjects for my easel than Walt Whitman's pen has furnished.

> "The little one sleeps in its cradle,
> I lift the gauze and look a long time, and silently brush away flies with my hand.
> The farmer stops by the bars of a Sunday and looks at the oats and rye.
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
> Earth of departed Sunset,
> Earth of the mountain's misty topt!
> Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
> Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
> Earth of the limpid grey of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
> Far swooping elbowed earth! Rich apple-blossomed earth!
> Smile, for your lover comes!"

I quote at random, the following passages which appeal to me:

> "A morning glory at my window, satisfies me more than the metaphysics of books.
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> Logic and sermons never convince.
> The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul."

Speaking of animals, he says:

> "I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long.
> *They* do not make me sick, discussing their duty to God.
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> —Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy, walks to his own funeral dressed in his shroud.
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> I hate him that oppresses me,
> I will either destroy him, or he shall release me.
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> I find letters from God dropped in the street, and every one is signed by God's name,
> And I leave them where they are, for I know that others will punctually come forever and ever.
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> ——Under Niagara, *the cataract falling like a veil over my countenance*."

Of the grass he says:

> "It seems to me *the beautiful uncut hair of graves*."

I close the extracts from these "Leaves," which it were easy to multiply, for one is more puzzled what to leave unculled, than what to gather, with the following sentiments; for which, and for all the good things included between the covers of his book, Mr. Whitman will please accept the cordial grasp of a woman's hand:

> "The wife—and she is not one jot less than the husband,
> The daughter—and she is just as good as the son,
> The mother—and she is every bit as much as the father."

FANNY FERN.

"LITTLE BENNY."

So the simple headstone said. Why did my eyes fill? I never saw the little creature. I never looked in his laughing eye, or heard his merry shout, or listened for his tripping tread; I never pillowed his little head, or bore his little form, or smoothed his silky locks, or laved his dimpled limbs, or fed his cherry lips with dainty bits, or kissed his rosy cheek as he lay sleeping.

I did not see his eye grow dim; or his little hand droop powerless; or the dew of agony gather on his pale forehead; I stood not with clasped hands and suspended breath, and watched the look that comes but once, flit over his cherub face. And yet, "little Benny," my tears are falling; for, *somewhere*, I know, there is an empty crib, a vacant chair, useless robes and toys, a desolate hearthstone, and a weeping mother.

"LITTLE BENNY!"

It was all her full heart could utter; and it was enough. It tells the whole story.

FANNY FERN.

THE NOBLE CITIZEN.

Such are to be found in almost every community; and then by way of contrast some are seen who are not noble. The difference is very great. Beside, every state of society has its peculiar temptations. A prosperous community has those which are peculiar to prosperity; an old decaying community has those which are peculiar to a state of decline and decay. In which sort of community the temptations to meanness, selfishness and littleness are greatest, it may be difficult to tell. If every thing is on the decline around, a man may be tempted to grasp the more eagerly and get what he can. He says to himself, I must grasp or I get nothing. He holds fast what he has; he gets what he can. He has no public spirit. He is not ready for public improvements. In a stagnant or declining community this temptation is fearfully powerful. It makes many a mean and contemptible character.

But in a thriving community, prosperity, on the other hand, often closes the heart. Money is made easily; money-making becomes a mania. To get, to hoard, to be very rich, is the chief end of man. No matter what schoolhouses ought to be built; no matter what other public institutions call for aid. Some will do just so much in the way of public improvements, as they are compelled to do and no more. The main thing is personal acquisition.

And those who are naturally avaricious are quick to find out where money is to be made. Their scent for coin is keen. Where the carcass is, there the eagles will be, with their sharp beaks. Hence many mere selfish, avaricious, money-grinders are to be found in a thriving place.

But not these alone. The power to be generous, public spirited, noble-hearted seems almost to *make* some persons so. At all events there are some whose noble natures rejoice in noble opportunities. They improve them and expand by them. They study the public welfare. Their minds are not always revolving around their own petty interests. They make money, not for themselves alone, but for the community in which they dwell. They have an eye constantly to its peace, comfort, prosperity. Those are the men whose influence is felt. They are beloved and honored. Even base and selfish men may get place, but they are not honored!

"THAT STRAIN AGAIN."

Oh, that military band! It is just passing beneath our window, and is playing the Marseillaise with surpassing power. Like the Western Member of Congress who had finished reading the duel scene in the *Gun-maker of Moscow*—"we want to strike somebody." No wonder Louis Napoleon will not allow that tune to be played, sung, whistled or hummed, in France. One blast of its soul-thrilling strains would blow his tyranny to shivers. Despotism can no more stand up against that air, than could the walls of Jericho before the ram's horns of the Israelites. Let the little Napkin beware how he ventures to play it on his whistle, lest its reverberations bring down the walls of the Tuileries upon his silver cradle.

IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.—We see it stated in a daily paper that a certain girl (whose name we do not here mention, for obvious reasons) recently took the first prize, in a seminary up town, for good scholarship, good deportment, and all the other goods. Her teachers would not wonder at her superiority, perhaps, did they know that she is a daughter of FANNY FERN.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A LOUISIANA paper states that in the Parish of Thibodeaux in that State, as a troop of children were playing "soldiers," with a red flag streaming from a broomstick, a bull in the neighborhood took offence and charged upon the juvenile warriors, whom he would doubtless have seriously damaged had not an enormous bloodhound come to their rescue and torn off the bull's nose.

NOT long since an alligator surreptitiously entered the hut of a negro living near Bayou Sara, Louisiana, and swallowed a pair of twins that were playing around the floor. The mother hearing them shriek, seized an axe and rushed to their aid but instead of being able to rescue them she came near falling a victim herself. Her cries alarmed some men who were near, and they succeeded in killing the monster.

MRS. SARAH KELLY was recently murdered at Ballendery, Ireland, while walking near her house, by two men, dressed in female attire with veils drawn over their faces. Her income was over a hundred thousand dollars a year, and it is thought her heirs were apprehensive that she might live too long.

WHEN the town of Tai Ping Wang was recovered from the rebels by the Chinese Imperial troops all the inhabitants were murdered, except 400 boys, whose hands being tied behind them, they were thrown into a pit and buried alive amid the shouts of the brutal soldiers.

A WOMAN dressed in man's clothes made love to a young lady in Syracuse not long since, and married her. The father of the bride, suspecting something wrong, had the impostor arrested, but the bride remains true to her husband and insists on having the relations continued. There is something queer about that affair.

THE question of polygamy in the missionary churches in the East is causing much trouble. The missionaries don't like to refuse to baptise a convert because he has more than one wife, and Christians refuse to contribute funds if they do.

A FAMILY named Julien, consisting of a father, mother and two children, were recently found dead, in Travers, Minnesota Territory. It was thought the father had first killed his wife and children and then shot himself.

IT has been discovered at Washington that land warrants exceeding one million of acres have been forged, and further discoveries are constantly being made. Let our friends, in buying land warrants, be careful what they purchase.

REUBEN P. DAVIS, a deacon of the Baptist Church in Waltham, Mass., and the owner of a large iron foundry, recently borrowed money and committed forgeries to the amount of $150,000, and ran away.

THE army of Mexico have grabbed all the church property, amounting to an immense sum in the aggregate. The Bishop offered the commanding general $600,000, to compromise, which was refused.

A WOMAN in Jersey City smothered her infant a few days since, and locked it up in her trunk, where it was found by the officer who arrested her on suspicion of having killed her child.

AN Indian of the Camanche tribe was lately lynched near Fort Brown, Texas, for having held one of his children in the fire with his spear until it expired, it having annoyed him by crying.

A FAMILY of six sisters in New Jersey have all eloped from their husbands, and are now living with illegal partners; one having just successfully achieved her third elopement.

THE Crystal Palace is to be sold on the 22d instant. It is too far up town for business purposes, so we shall not buy it for the LEDGER office.

IT is thought that France and Russia will take ground, and enforce it in favor of the independence of Italy.

AN old cravat worn by General Washington during the Revolution, was recently sold at auction for five dollars.

"BLACK CAT," the only surviving son of the celebrated Indian warrior Tecumseh, has turned up near Washington, Texas.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A MAN whose feet did not emit a pleasant odor, once applied to a celebrated surgeon for a remedy for sore throat. "Fill a pail with water, as warm as you can bear it, till it reaches to your knees, and then scrub your legs with oat-meal for a quarter of an hour." "Why, hang it, man," said the patient, "that amounts to nothing but *washing one's feet!*" "Ah, yes," said the surgeon, "I forgot; with *you* that is a serious objection."

AN Alabama editor says of a late festive occasion, "Several healths and songs were masterly advanced, and received in the climax of ecstacy and unanimity, while the eloquence was borne from the speakers' lips on the resounding pinions of enthusiasm, the dying echoes of which were like the murmurings of distant thunder."

IN tavern measure, two gills make one horn; two horns make one spree; two sprees make one row; two rows make one station-house; two station-houses make one prison; two prisons make one penitentiary.

A MAN in Cincinnati, the father of ten children, thinks he sustains a great loss by not having any more, as there is no one to take the clothes that the youngest has outgrown.

SIDNEY SMITH, in speaking of the very frugal habits of the Scotch, said that Qeeen Victoria is the only *sovereign* that ever went into Scotland and got out again.

How can a man who has no wings be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because in fighting a duel he makes a goose of himself.

ON what material should a spiritualist journal be printed? *Wrapping* paper.

THE CLIPPER has recently appeared in a new and greatly improved form, with a pictorial heading. Our old friend Jones, (late of the firm of Ross, Jones & Tousey) has, we observe, purchased one half of the *Clipper*, and will hereafter devote his energies to the improvement and advancement of the paper. Mr. Jones is an active, energetic, clear-headed business man; and, when he was engaged in the periodical business, he worked zealously in behalf of the LEDGER, at a time when we appreciated his assistance. The least we can now do is, to wish him unbounded success.

THE BEST WAY to get *any* weekly paper is through the news depots. It is preferable to subscribing by the year, inasmuch as you can buy it from week to week, and do not run the risk of being "stuck" for a whole year with a paper that may prove objectionable before you have read half a dozen numbers of it. We prefer that the LEDGER should be tested in this way.

LABOR.

In Life's vast field fulfil the work of duty,
Oh! ye who serve the one great power and true,
For Labor sheds on worth the bloom of beauty,
A flower unfading of celestial hue!

Whether to spread the truth thy sacred mission
Thro' darken'd hearts of ignorance and crime,
Nobly to strengthen faltering indecision,
And lead the erring soul to hopes sublime;

Whether from forge or workshop, echoes ringing
Of that dull music unattun'd by Love—
In all ye yet may hear sweet angels singing
The sacred melodies that float above!

Let your heart to them beat perfect measure,
'Mid hopes of time remembering Life's great aim,
Work, ceaseless work, not for the cankering treasure,
But for the laurels of immortal fame.

A fame surpassing that of man's creation,
By angels trumpeted, by God bestow'd
Attends the spirit in its exaltation
With hymns of praise to Heaven's unseen abode.

And toil with earnest faith; for faith to labor
Is as the spirit to the outward frame,
It ever vivifies, and prompts its neighbor,
And steadfast stands in storm or calm the same!

Else dead are all our acts; in self beginning,
With loftier purpose they shall never blend;
And whilst true faith the crown of Life is winning,
Unquicken'd deeds in Death eternal end!

NORMA DANTON;

OR THE

ORPHAN OF THE LIGHT HOUSE

TALE OF FRAUD AND REVENGE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The sudden appearance of Chaffer in Mr. Danton's grounds, and the subsequent disappearance of May, must be accounted for.

Chaffer had been ordered by Cris to await him on a cross road, which lay near the garden, and ran directly by the mansion, so brilliant with lamps and sounds of glad laughter. A gate deeply embowered with trees opened into the garden from the road, which was usually kept fastened, but that night, in the bustle of the reception of carriages which brought the guests, it had been forgotten by the servant who had charge of it; and in his curious search for adventure and gain, Chaffer had found his way through it into the walk, whence he could catch glimpses of the noble supper room. The guests were just retiring as he effected his entrance to the garden. As the rich service of silver, with other tokens of wealth, met his eyes, they glistened with the hope that an opportunity would offer by which he might profit and secure some portion of the precious metal to himself; so, he crouched behind a statue to wait his chance.

He watched with impatience nearly an hour, when his snaky glance was fascinated by the appearance of the young lady, slowly and thoughtfully approaching the spot. A horrid satisfaction filled his murderous breast. She seated herself almost within his reach; and creeping stealthily a few paces forward, he threw the fatal noose. One moment more the jewels from her neck and arms were transferred to the Burker's pocket, and then the sound of wheels and a low whistle apprized him of the presence of Cris in close neighborhood. Several costly rings still flashed on her pale hands which he found it difficult to remove. Besides, he remembered Cris's warning. He muttered something to himself.

"Why not? They wants a body; this'll do as well as any. She's very light," he half whispered, as he lifted the insensible body in his arms and proceeded towards the gate. It opened at a touch and closed again without a single creak of hinge or bar. Twenty steps beyond a covered one-horse wagon was standing. He bore his light burden, swung easily across his shoulder to the spot.

"Hallo pal! is't you?" said Cris, softly. "What in the devil's this, hey?"

"She," said Chaffer, "it's a gal as walked too late in the garden. I tell you she's a shiner. Look there!" and he held the small hand with the shining circlets close before the eyes of Cris.

"What in the name of Lucifer have you been doing this for?"

"They're worth a hundred guineas, every penny on't."

"A hundred devils! This will set the country all in arms. If that gal's murdered you will swing for it, as sure as your name is Chaffer and mine is Cris."

"Softly, my cove; you come along; share and share alike is the word; and here's the booty." And he drew forth the diamonds. "Jack Ketch shall have us both. They want's a body don't they?" said Chaffer, pointing with his thumb in the direction before indicated by Cris as their point of destination.

"Well, suppose they do, we can't stay now."

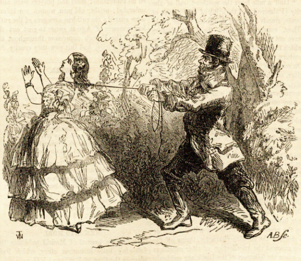
"Give 'em the gal. Strip off her rags; they'll sell for sunthin, and put the sheet about her and leave her for them to take care on or answer for." He laid the body down in the front part of the wagon, as he spoke, and a faint moan startled both the villains.

"God! she's alive!" said Cris. "Chaffer, hold off. I tell you, you old fool, we're safer if the girl is alive. We've got enough, and she's such a shaving of a thing she'll die by degrees of the fright. Just get in. I'll drive on and let her come to at her leisure."

Chaffer reluctantly withdrew his outstretched hand, itching to finish the job it had begun, for Cris spoke with a tone of authority not to be gainsayed, and muttering about hard terms, he seated himself in the vehicle as he was bidden. Poor May sat between the two ruffians, breathing suffocatingly at intervals, but unconscious of her own identity and everything else connected with her disagreeable surroundings.

Cris drove the horse with uninterrupted speed, and about daylight entered a populous town twenty miles or more from the city. Cris seemed to be well posted in the highways and byways, for he drove steadily through the town until he reached the eastern boundary, which bordered the seaside. There, before a brown one-story house, he stopped. No one was stirring, but Cris gave a peculiar rap on the low, shuttered windows; the door was slowly unbarred from within, and opened. A woman stood in the dark opening, who welcomed Cris by a joyful embrace, but instantly retreated as she discovered he was not alone.

"Azubah," said Cris, familiarly, "I've got a patient for you—one who's sick of the town and comes down for sea air;" and he lifted her from the wagon. "She hasn't opened her eyes or spoken these three hours," said Cris, as Azubah came forward, having thrown a remnant of soiled finery over her night habiliments. She stood aside while Cris laid his insensible burden upon the bed.



CHAFFER "BURKING" MAY DANTON.

"Take care of her; that's all," said Cris.

She set about her task with an air of pitying tenderness. The sufferer groaned occasionally, and yet Azubah was not rough in her motions.

The men seated themselves in the outer room, and were coolly discussing the division and disposal of their spoil, for the diamonds could be of no use to them unless converted into money.

Azubah examined her patient carefully, and discovered that she had received a severe contusion on her right temple, which fully accounted for her stupefaction. Azubah felt the hard, laboring pulse and shook her head doubtfully, and taking a key from her bosom she applied it to a small ebony box which stood conspicuously on the wide, high mantelpiece, and taking from it a small phial, she poured a portion of its contents between the lips of her patient, and then applied a few drops to the fair head of the insensible May.

"I know what I know, and what I don't know I shall find out," said Azubah, musingly; and then she stood silently watching the effect of the drug.

"The girl breathes easier—she does; her eyelids quiver."

Slowly they unclosed; she lifted her hand to her forehead, and moaned like a child who has not the use of language to speak its complainings.

Again the strange woman applied the phial to the sufferer's lips, and in a few moments she sank into a quiet slumber. She watched her awhile silently.

"Well, wife," said Cris, entering noisily.

"Hist," said the wife, "she's sleeping."

"I beg your pardon, Doctrina; what's the likelihood that the young woman will live?"

"May be," said Azubah, "but she won't have much sense to trouble her with in future."'

"So much the better," said Chaffer, surlily; "we can let her run and she won't peach. She 'it 'er 'ed agin the himmage when she fell; 'twan't Lady Julia's fault. It's come o' them 'eathen gods as sich folks always bows down to and vorships."

After a few words of private conference with her husband, Azubah returned to her charge. The men shortly after went away together, and left Azubah to do her best to restore to health the kidnapped girl.

This same personage, so familiarly designated as Cris, by his pal, Chaffer the Burker, was in his youth a person of better habits and fortunes, and respectable in the land of his birth. That was when Azubah first loved him. But he took to bad ways, and from bad to worse, till scarcely a vestige of the former man was left to answer for the birthright of his name.

Azubah was a gifted woman; the seer sight was hers, handed down from mother to daughter in her family for many centuries; and though there were tricks in the trade she practiced they were so nicely managed that the superstitious querists after hidden mysteries were completely duped by her skilful cunning. Azubah was what is called "a fortune teller" by profession, and in reality possessed great sagacity and spirit, with a strong dash of faith in her own peculiar claims to superior knowledge. She performed her part with infinite tact. Her knowledge of human nature and her powers of discrimination enabled her to pursue her calling with considerable effect, and by that means she kept herself independent of and free from taint of the villainous life led by her husband; which, from long habit, had become second nature to Cris. She clung to him through all his evil life with that wonderful tenacity of affection always alive in the heart of a true woman. She had followed him from land to land, and stood by his side during disgrace and almost death. She had kept him hid for weeks from the ministers of the law, and practiced her weird art to support him, which was as innocent deceit as a thousand others. She had sent him out of the country that he might elude pursuit for crimes which would have consigned him to Newgate or the gallows. She hoped to save him yet from his fearful deserts.

CHAPTER XXX.

After Milo's assertion that he had seen Norma, Mr. Danton caused notices to be inserted in all the newspapers in the city to this effect: "That, if a young girl, named Norma Danton, would call or send her address, she would hear something greatly to her advantage." The young girl had kept the secret of her name well. Day after day no answer came to the advertisement; night after night James Danton was a prey to horrible and soul-racking fancies.

Norma was too feeble to be removed from Miss Leshman's. Her life depended on the perfect quiet with which the careful watch of those kind friends surrounded her. As soon as she could be removed without danger, Mrs. Marshall insisted upon conveying her to her own eouse. Norma had no voice in the matter; she was not allowed to speak above a whisper, for fear of a return of the hemorhage.

By slow degrees she recovered the use of her voice, and was pronounced out of danger, much to the gratification of her friends, and good old Mrs. Jamison in particular. She still watched over her son's foundling with a mother's solicitude, and she resigned her unwillingly to the care of new but excellent friends.

Norma was better, well enough to go down stairs, and Mrs. Marshall took her to her own table, and was so proud of her lovely *protege*, Otis could but smile at her enthusiasm. He scarcely confessed to himself the exquisite pleasure this addition to the family gave him. There was such a graceful charm about that fair, innocent maiden.

One morning, as the young girl passed from the breakfast room, she took up the journal Otis Marshall had left (after reading) beside his plate, and with the persistency of old habit, turned to the ship news, for tidings of her brother. There was nothing, and she had decided that she would that very day tell Miss Leshman her whole story and ask her how she had known her brother.

She looked carelessly down the page. Her own name attracted her attention. She read, paused, flushed, paled. Mrs. Marshall noticing her perturbation, questioned of the cause. She pointed to the notice and said, "I am Norma Danton."

Mrs. Marshall gazed at her in astonishment. "My child, what do you mean?" said she affectionately.

Norma then related to her the whole story of her life, from beginning to end; how Milo had insulted her; how she had fled from the lighthouse, and how she had watched among the wreckers the morning it fell; how she came to the city, and on the way heard that she was supposed to have perished in the ruin, and full of the fear that her own name might bring her trouble, or that Milo or her uncle might find her out and enslave her again, she had concluded, all by herself, to take the name of Bell Waters, though now her reasons for doing so seemed foolish and childish; how she had tried to find work, to pay for food and shelter at the hard-hearted dress-maker's; how she was cruelly repulsed, with strange words, the import of which she did not then understand; how she ran weeping through the gathering gloom of night, till she reached the old homestead; and how she sat there and wept over the memories of early childhood, till, in the cold and dark, she fell asleep; of her being awakened by the policeman, and how his rough threat was controverted by the interference of one who wished to be her protector but proved a villain; how in her distress and terror of him she, in mad desperation, set fire to the draperies and combustibles in her splendid prison, and laid herself down to die, but was rescued by the same policeman from whose hands she had been taken by the treacherous Wortley; and how old Mrs. Jamison had been a mother to her ever since; how, from a wish to be independent and make her own way in the world, unshackled by connection with a name which, to say the least, could do her no good, she had still carefully concealed her parentage from her best friends; how she had lost the clue to her brother and supposed him lost at sea, or enslaved in some foreign land, until she had seen his name on a letter at Miss Leshman's; that she had that same day met Milo Houston on the street, and the sudden effect the two unexpected events had upon her, had caused the rupture of a blood vessel and her subsequent illness; that now, as her uncle desired to see her in his day of anguish, she would go to him and try to comfort him.

Mrs. Marshall listened with breathless attention to the young girl's account of her past life. She was not the only auditor of that touching and pathetic recital. Otis had returned to the room unnoticed by Norma, in the earnestness of her exciting theme, and he heard the story also. He now came forward and offered to be the bearer of the pleasing intelligence to her uncle. Norma thanked him with a sweet simplicity, and awaited his return with that quiet dignity so natural to her.

Meantime, the thoughtful Mrs. Marshall sent for Miss Leshman, that Norma might know all she could of her brother. Ursula came at the summons of her friend, and heard with delighted surprise the denouement that had just transpired. William Danton would be in his native city in a few months.

Norma's heart was full; she would meet her brother again; the long lost brother would yet return to bless her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

That day James Danton made a new will, in which the children of his brother were made co-heirs with his own at his death, and a liberal supply set apart for their immediate use and command; and in case of the non-appearance of the missing daughter, May Danton, her portion was to be divided equally between the children of William and Alice Danton, deceased.

The romance of Norma's long estrangement from her kindred, and her opportune return, were causes of some degree of excitement among those acquainted with the facts.

From their recent afflictions, they secluded themselves almost entirely from general society.

Mrs. Danton seemed at first rather shocked at the idea of Norma's accessson to a portion of the property, but after her establishment in the family, she fell into the habit of loving her dearly. She was restored to them under such agreeable auspices, as the *protege* of one of the first ladies in the city, and was in herself so elegant and refined—nothing coarse or vulgar about her—that even the fastidious Mrs. Danton had no fault to find with her young relative, particularly when she saw her exerting so beneficial an influence over her uncle's fearful moods. He was quiet and subdued with her, and never wearied of her presence, while she did all in her power to win him from that fearful self-communion with his racked fancies.

All hopes of discovering aught of poor May seemed fading more and more each successive day, from the minds of her parents. It became harder and harder every day to give her up, and yet her fate seemed wedded to impenetrable obscurity, and the barest possibilities were all that was left for them to guess at.

Ethel had been faithfully informed of the various occurrences that had transpired at home. He still preferred to be an alien, although he had nothing to fear; for Mr. Newbold had entirely recovered from his wound, and nobly refused to implicate Ethel Danton in the affair, so that, out of their own immediate circle, his part in the disgraceful transaction never transpired. Mr. Newbold loved his young wife too truly to expose her to the censure of an uncompromising world. She had found the teachings to which she had leaned, ineffectual and unsafe, and was resolved to trust them no more with their will-o'-the-wisp dances and subtle gyrations. Stronger heads might follow them; she had received a lesson which which would last her the remainder of her life.

Chaffer and Cris received little benefit as yet from their ill-acquired wealth, as suspicion was fully on the alert, and the very shape and size of the stones worn by May Danton on the night of her disappearance so minutely described, and their weight and value so closely computed, the robbers dared not offer them for sale, for fear of immediate detection. The two villains would not trust each other; the fascination of crime kept them perpetually in company, although each desired the other's absence; they were yoke-fellows in a fearful brotherhood, yet hating each other cordially. Cris consulted with Azubah what was to be done in the emergency, for his supply of funds was getting low. She gave her advice that if they wanted to sell the diamonds, they'd better go to some place where they would be less liable to detection, and sell the jewels separately, one or two at a time, to some of the Jewish ladies; meanwhile, she would return to her old business in town.

"And the young woman," said Cris.

"Oh!" replied his wife, "I'll take care of her until we may with safety return her to her people. She does my bidding like a child, and never complains or seems to know the difference between her former state and her present humility. She hasn't recovered her right senses, poor thing, but I think I can bring her right yet, and if I can I will. If we send her home as she is now, they would kill her with their doctoring, and she is a precious jewel of a clairvoyant."

It was true, May was a natural clairvoyant. When a child, she was addicted to sleep walking, much to the terror of her family. Azubah had discovered, in the vigils she had kept over her gentle patient, that she was easily influenced by magnetism, and argued from it that she would become a valuable acquisition in her own peculiar line. The clearness and perspicuity of her mind in the somnambulic state were really remarkable.

Azubah imparted this fact in confidence to her husband, who allowed her to do just as she pleased in regard to the girl, so that it did not interfere with his projects. Azubah earnestly importuned him to have nothing to do with Chaffer, whose evil influence over her husband she feared; "for," said she, "it will only lead you to ruin, from which perhaps I shall not be able to save you. "Oh! Cris, stay by me and let that bad man go with his evil gains; we will cure the girl and send her home, and I can make enough for us both."

Cris loved his wife, strange as it may seem that one so hardened in vice could love anything, and was sometimes weaned from his bad intents by her persuasions, but now the bait was too tempting to be resisted; besides, Chaffer would not divide the jewels with him and one go one way and the other another. "Ah! my cove, we go together; share and share alike," he said, with a facetious grin. "You might turn agin a pal if he was out of sight. Where you go I go."

The cold, blue eyes of Cris emitted sudden sparks, as though the anvil of thought struck a sudden resolve from the iron will. He did not answer him, but turned to bid his wife farewell. She looked after him as he strode away in freedom. A groan escaped her lips. Did a dim foreshadowing of the future float in the distance, growing so fast between them? or was it but a vision conjured by evil sprites to vex their sometime mistress?

That meagre retreat was all at once deserted. The two men went to New York to raise money on their valuables, leaving Azubah to raise spirits to satisfy the cravings of the curious inquirer into the secrets of futurity.

Azubah knew her business well. She had always ignored all interference on the part of her husband in her line, arguing that any knowledge of him would be detrimental rather than otherwise.

Azubah St. Jude in her advertisement employed such terms as she knew from experience would attract the vulgar eye, and they are often blinking in the heads of the would-be refined. Azubah received some very high company, if the truth must be told,—people who would have felt decidedly cheap to have it known they consulted a fortune-teller. But so it was. The mysterious lady who could be consulted for a few days only at No. — —— Street was thronged with visitors, and well did she supply the demand for hidden knowledge. She was none of your dowdy-looking women, dealing with the powers that be, in dirty linen, slip-shod shoes, and uncombed hair—shuffling their developments from a pack of greasy cards. Oh! no—Azubah was Mistress St. Jude, an artist in her profession. Those who came to consult her were awed by the imposing grandeur of her appearance, as she sat on an elevated dais, mantled from head to foot in a dress of rich stuff, elegantly disposed about her noble English figure, girdled at the waist with a cestus which might have been stolen from Venus—as Mistress St. Jude doubtless had dealings with such gentry, and her conscience wouldn't have hurt her in the least for pilfering anything so needful for the success of her art. Be that as it may, the girdle was remarkably beautiful, and a gorgeous robe, a quaint head-dress, and the strangely-charactered collar of colored brilliants around her well-shaped throat, set her off to advantage. Her large, black eyes flashed proudly intelligent from beneath the full-arched brow. The book of fate lay open before her, supported on a tribune, slenderly constructed of mosaic, inlaid with pearl. In her right hand she held a small wand of the same workmanship. A silver bell was on the table beside the book. The light was carefully admitted to the room in which she held the court of Destiny. Her dress, position, and surroundings, together with the power of her magnetic eye, were decidedly effective.

She received each guest alone. It was one of her rules that two persons should never be admitted together within the charmed circle of the unvailing room.

Mistress St. Jude kept a strict watch on her dreaming Neophyte, for she proved a valuable acquisition, inasmuch as intelligent answers from an unseen spirit put *en rapport* with the questioner of destiny through the medium. Mrs. St. Jude greatly enhanced the exercise of her original modus operandi. She impressed those who came within her sphere to unfold themselves to her, instead of her unfolding them to themselves. May was kept out of sight.

Clairvoyance was so decidedly new, and formed such a combination of strength that almost made the witch afraid of herself, still she went on unfolding, with revelations which alike surprised her auditors and herself.

The unseen oracle was most fluent.

She desired to make an effective and brilliant display of her powers of enchantment, at the close of her limited residence in the place. It seemed a little wicked in Azubah to humbug the people as she did. She had a sort of spite against the world, which she was bound to wreak upon it. Not that she had experienced so much in her own person, but her grandmother was burnt for a witch at Smithfield, because she would be telling the truth. Azubah's mother had never forgiven that, but dying handed it down along with the gift of glamour—that unforgiven wrong to be revenged, no matter how. Therefore, as Mistress St. Jude she had gulled half of London, and might have realized a handsome competency but for Cris' misfortunes, as she called them, and her adherence to his ruinous fortunes on land and sea.

Among others who came to Mistress St. Jude to test her witchcraft was one of Mrs. Danton's maid-servants, more to ascertain if the weird sister could tell what had become of Miss May, than for any mere personal curiosity.

Azubah observed a singular agitation in her sleeping assistant when put *en rapport* with the young woman, though she was invisible. When the girl put her first question, the sybil touched the silver bell, and a low, clear voice slightly muffled by the unapparent distance, responded to the question. The questioner started and exclaimed, "That's like Miss May's voice!"

"And who is Miss May?" sternly questioned the prophetess.

The girl was thrown completely off her guard by the abrupt question, and, influenced by a subtle power she could not comprehend, related the entire story of May's disappearance, and many subsequent events that had in consequence occurred in the family, and finally wound up her narrative by imploring the wise woman to release from the thraldom of obscurity the fate of her beloved young mistress.

There was a faint cry from within. Mrs. St. Jude disappeared from the dais but quickly reappearing she commenced an incantation, and then gave a disguised account of the abduction. She said the girl had relapsed into her old habit of sleep-walking, that she had wandered out of the grounds, and hinted at the diamonds as the probable inducement to the person who had carried her off. The girl listened open-mouthed.

"She is concealed somewhere," continued Mrs. St. Jude, "and will be restored to her family, although her reason is partially obscured at present by the scenes through which she has passed." Her words were eagerly swallowed by the bewitched listener.

"Can't you tell where she is by your art?" asked the girl.

"Come here to-morrow, and persuade your mistress to bear you company, and we will see what revelations will come. To-morrow my vision will be clearer; to-day the oracle will speak no more."

The girl returned to Mrs. Danton with an embellished account of her visit, and begged her to go and hear the wonderful things she could tell.

"Drowning people catch at straws," and Mrs. Danton was induced to accompany her *femme de chambre* to the house of the fortune teller.

Madam St. Jude, charlatan as she was, felt keenly for the bereaved, and was anxious to administer consolation to her grief, if she could do so without endangering her husband's safety, which she would not have done to save forty other lives.

He had instructed her by all means to retain the girl, and if she could meet any of the family in the way of her profession to mislead them with the idea that she was gone out of the country, which, he argued, would take them out of it also; then they could more easily turn their valuables into money, when those who could identify them were beyond immediate recall. Azubah thought it right to help her husband thus far. Beside, she argued, the girl is not quite well, and they could never cure her; she would have died but for me, and I have some claims upon the life I have saved. The young thing loves me tenderly, and no wonder, for I hold the very strings of her heart in my hands.

What Azubah said was true; there was healing in the deep sleeps into which no other temperament but hers could lull May, and the appropriation she made of her other powers was far from being an injury to her, nay, rather a healthful exercise of her mental powers, partially obscured when in a waking state by causes before referred to.

The votaress of "pale Hecate," her Vulpine instincts sharpened by contact with an iron fate, stood face to face with the artificially trained woman of fashion, a being of hot-house growth seeking for vital knowledge at a forbidden fount.

In anticipation of her coming, St. Jude had laid an artful plan to delude her senses and baffle her reason. She lighted the carefully prepared pastiles in the swinging tripod, and commenced her incantations; the delicious perfume arose in gracefully curling columns from the smoking censer and pervaded the apartment. The woman kept her glittering eye fixed on the anxious eyes of the seeker, till the exact moment when expectation was merging into the frenzy of uncontrollable desire to know more.

A folding door which was made to counterfeit precisely the wall of the room slid noiselessly away, and through a vail, as in a mirror with mist upon its surface, the mother beheld her child! She sat in a vine-covered bower, with ripe clusters of foreign fruits hanging in luscious negligence from every vine; the soft and genial atmosphere could be felt; the murmur of a hidden fountain and the tinkling of a guitar completed the illusion. One moment the mother gazed, but the spell of the enchantress who had conjured the scene could not control the gushing instincts of a mother's heart. "My child," she shrieked, throwing herself forward to clasp the welcome vision. There was a movement within the vail; the vision rose to her feet as if that voice had power to penetrate space, and had reached her ears in defiance of the obstacles huge and vast between them. She tremblingly threw up her arms as the mother tottered in half-frenzied excitement toward the spot. Then, as she touched the charmed vail, which hung like mist between them and seemed the only barrier, the scene closed, and a mirror fell shivered in pieces at her feet. With hysterical shrieks she besought Madam St. Jude to grant her another glimpse of her child, but the witch replied—"impossible"—to the mother's pleadings.

Mrs. Danton returned bewildered at what she had seen, and related her singular adventure to her husband; but Mr. Danton was yet a man of facts, and listened incredulously to his wife's account. It struck him suspiciously that the vision, if vision it were, should have betrayed emotion by that sudden bound, as Mrs. Danton described it. The more he thought of it, the more he was convinced that they were much abused by charlatanism, and who knew better the ins and outs of deceptions which might be practiced to bring about certain results than he?—though not in the line in question, it is true.

But his doubts grew stronger. He sent for the chief of police, and made a statement of the affair. The dogs of justice were on the scent, but the fox was too cunning for them; no vestige of Madam St. Jude remained. An old man who was deaf, and a palsied old woman who was both deaf and blind, were the sole occupants of the house where the sorceress had kept her state. There was nothing to be said, nothing to be done, no discoveries to be made, nobody to criminate. The mysterious woman who called herself Madam St. Jude had been there; the credulous had listened to her words as to an oracle, and a lady was thrown into hysterics by a vision she had seen!

Nobody believed she had seen anything but a picture of her own imagination, and so the matter ended as far as the public was concerned.

It was fortunate for dame St. Jude that her own and May Danton's metamorphosis was so entire, otherwise she might have found herself in a questionable position.

Mrs. Danton could not be reconciled to the idea that what she had seen was but a hallucination of an overheated brain. The motherly instincts were too strong for that. There was a tegument of conviction hanging about her heart that in, by, or through, that woman, the mystery of her daughter's disappearance would be cleared up.

Rumors reached them from time to time of Ethel's doings across the water, which were anything but cheering to the bereaved parents. His letters to them were, of course, as smooth as oil.

At length, in a spirit of sheer restlessness, the Danton family decided to go abroad. It might benefit the old man's health, and the mother yearned to behold the blue skies of Italy, with a vague hope that somewhere amid the vine-clad bowers she should find her lost one, as that too real vision at the fortune teller's seemed to prognosticate.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HOW TO TELL THEM.

One of our cotemporaries says the lottery policy offices may always be known as follows:

"Whenever you see a store window whitewashed, or a white curtain suspended on the inside, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is a policy shop. Whenever you see a dingy-looking shop window, with a score of half-dollars and one or two gold coins displayed in the inside thereof, you may be certain it is a policy shop. If you stand in front of a cigar store a minute or so, and see a poor German, a negro whitewasher and a woman enter, you may depend upon it that in a room behind the store they do a lively business in selling policies. In many of the lager-bier saloons they have a small private room fitted up for the sale of policies. The word *Exchange* written on the windows or on a swinging sign is a pretty good sign. The greater part of these offices are held by agents who get a commission of one-eighth of what they sell. They take their books to what they call a big backer, who keeps some up stairs apartments in the lower part of the city. These big backers, and there are several, retain seven-eighths of the gross receipts, pay all the "hits," as the prizes are called, and also the rent of the agent's office. There are agents who sell one hundred dollars worth a day on an average, thus clearing one hundred shillings daily, which is nothing compared with the enormous profits of the backer. There is one of the latter in New-York who has one hundred agents in the city selling policies for him, whose receipts, calculating within bounds, must be fifteen hundred dollars weekly. He employs men to collect his books, one of whom drives a six hundred dollar horse, and declares himself to be a "great sport."

REMEMBER THIS.—Some people never attempt to obtain a clear idea of the exact meaning of the words which they employ in writing and conversation. They utter them at random, and if they happen to convey the idea which they intended them to convey the result is to be attributed rather to chance than to their knowledge and discrimination. This fault is very common among those who love big, sonorous words,—more common, indeed, among them than among the ignorant and uneducated. Those who are in the habit of selecting long words for use in conversation, generally are not worth listening to. The plainest and commonest words in the English language are the best for both conversation and writing. Remember this.

MAY.

The frosty old winter hath hurried away,
The hillocks of snow
Have melted melted beneath the warm breathing of May
And the sweet flowers blow.

ATMOSPHERIC NOURISHMENT FOR PLANTS.—If all the nourishment for plants came from the soil, the soil of newly cleared land would be no more fertile than old land; but drawing much of their nourishment from the atmosphere, and decomposition taking place on the soil, the plant not only returns all it gets from the soil, but also in fertilizing ammonia and carbon it receives from the atmosphere.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

[The following is the best historic account we recollect to have seen of the massacre of the French in Sicily, in the year 1283. This narative of that terrible tragedy—one of those stern lessons which oppression has often compelled the people to read to tyranny—is taken from A History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers. By Michele Amari. Edited by the Earl of Ellesmere:]

"Half a mile from the southern wall of the city [Palmero,] and the brink of the ravine of Oreto, stands a church dedicated to the Holy Ghost, concerning which the Latin Fathers have not failed to record that on the day on which the first stone of it was laid in the 12th century, the sun was darkened by an eclipse. On one side of it are the precipice and the river, on the other the plain extending to the city, which in the present day is in great part encumbered with walls and gardens; while a square enclosure of moderate size, shaded by dusky cypresses, honeycombed with tombs, and adorned with urns and other sepulchral monuments, surrounds the church. This is a public cemetry laid out towards the end of the eighteenth century, and fearfully filled in three weeks by the dire pestilence which devastated Sicily in 1837. On the Tuesday [after Easter, 31st of March, 1283,] at the hour of vespers, religion and custom crowded this then cheerful plain, carpeted with the flowers of spring, with citizens wending their way towards the church. Divided into numerous groups, they walked, sate in clusters, spread the tables or danced upon the grass; and, whether it was a defect or a merit of the Sicilian character, threw off for the moment the recollection of their sufferings—when the followers of the Justiciary suddenly appeared amongst them, and every bosom thrilled with a shudder of disgust. The strangers came, with their usual insolent demeanor, as they said, to maintain tranquility; and for this purpose they mingled in the groups, joined in the dances, and familiarly accosted the women, pressing the hand of one, taking unwarranted liberties with others, addressing indecent words and gestures to those more distant, until some temperately admonished them to depart, in God's name, without insulting the women, and others murmured angrily; but the hot-blooded youths raised their voices so fiercely that the soldiers said to one another, 'These insolent *paterini* must be armed that they dare thus to answer,' and replied to them with the most offensive insults, insisting with great insolence on searching them for arms, and even here and there striking them with sticks or thongs. Every heart already throbbed fiercely on either side, when a young woman of singular beauty, and of modest and dignified deportment, appeared, with her husband and relations, bending her steps towards the church. Drouet, a Frenchman, impelled either by insolence or licence, approached her as if to examine her for concealed weapons, seized her, and searched her bosom. She fell fainting into her husbands arms, who, in a voice almost choked with rage, exclaimed, 'Death, death to the French!' At the same moment a youth burst from the crowd which had gathered round them, sprang upon Drouet, disarmed and slew him, and probably at the same moment paid the penalty of his own life, leaving his name unknown, and the mystery forever unsolved, whether it were love for the injured woman, the impulse of a generous heart, or the more exalted flame of patriotism that prompted him thus to give the signal of deliverance. Noble examples have a power far beyond that of argument or eloquence to rouse the people, and the abject slaves awoke at length from their long bondage.

'Death, death to the French!' they cried, and the cry, say the historians of the time, reechoed like the voice of God through the whole country, and found an answer in every heart. Above the corpse of Drouet were heaped those of victims slain on either side; the crowd expanded itself, closed in, and swayed hither and thither, in wild confusion; the Sicilians, with sticks, stones and knives, rushed with desperate ferocity upon their armed opponents; they sought for and hunted them down; fearful tragedies were enacted amid the preparations for festivity, and the overthrown tables were drenched in blood. The people displayed their strength and conquered. The struggle was brief, and great the slaughter of the Sicilians; but of the French there were two hundred—and two hundred fell.

"Breathlesss, covered with blood, brandishing the plundered weapons, and proclaiming the insult and its vengeance, the insurgents rushed towards the tranquil city. 'Death to the French!' they shouted, and as many as they found were put to the sword. The example, the words, the contagion of passion, in an instant aroused the whole people. In the heat of the tumult Roger Mastrangelo, a nobleman, was chosen or constituted himself their leader. The multitude continued to increase; dividing into troops, they scoured the streets, burst open doors, searched every nook, every hidding-place, and shouting 'Death to the French!' smote them and slew them, while those too distant to strike added to their applause. * * * The slaughter continued with increased ferocity; even the darkness of night failed to arrest it, and it was resumed on the morrow more furiously than ever; nor did it cease at length because the thirst for vengeance was slaked, but because victims were wanting to appease it. Two thousand French perished in this first outbreak. Even Christian burial was denied them, but pits were afterwards dug to receive their despised remains; and tradition still points out a column surmounted by an iron cross, raised by compassionate piety on one of those spots, probably long after the perpetration of the deed of vengeance. Tradition, moreover, relates that the sound of a word, like the Shibboleth of the Hebrews, was the cruel test by which the French were distinguished in the massacre, and that, if there were found a suspicious or unknown person, he was compelled with a sword to his throat to pronounce the *ciciri*, (pronounced *cheecheere*, the French being unable to give the sound of *ch* as in *each*,) and the slighest foreign acccent was the signal of of his death. * * * Even the altars afforded no protection; tears and prayers were alike unheeded; neither old men, women, nor infants were spared; the ruthless avengers of the ruthless massacre of Agosta swore to root out the seed of the French oppressors throughout the whole of Sicily, and this vow they cruelly fulfilled."

FAREWELL.

FROM A FRIEND.

I loved thee once with heart as true
As ever fond affection knew;
Each joy, each care, but seem'd to twine
In closer bonds thy soul and mine,
But fortune's smile has found thee changed,
Thy friendship cooled thy love estrang'd!
'Tis done, the dream of years is o'er;
I *mourn* thee, but I *love* no more.

Seek not to meet me—'twere but vain
To give to each a fruitless pain;
The feeble smile the careless eye,
Would but the wounded heart belie.
Farewell! tho' sorrow thou may'st feel,
Oh, from thy heart all hope conceal.
No light can now the past restore;
I mourn thee, but I love no more.

MEMENTO MORI.

A literary journal of Madrid publishes the following little humorous story, which took place in the time of Ferdinand VII.:

One afternoon, while various officers of one of the regiments of guards were talking together at the gate of their barracks, waiting for the hour of parade, the conversation fell upon the fidelity of women, and naturally gave rise to a great deal of joking and sentimentality.

"Do not deceive yourselves, gentlemen," said a veteran *capitaine*, "in love as well as in war, do not confide in any woman; for my part, I would not dare to answer for the virtue of the greatest saint that ever fasted."

"Well, I would," answered a young ensign, with some warmth. "There is in the world a woman for whom I could answer!"

"Your lady-love, of course," cried his comrades.

"No, my sister."

"That we can perfectly understand," replied a lieutenant, the particular friend of the last speaker, "for she is so confoundedly ugly."

This raillery provoked a challenge from the ensign to the lieutenant, and the efforts of their friends failed in reconciling them to each other. The seconds were named, and the hour of five the next morning was fixed for the duel to take place, outside the gate of Bilboa, then called Pozos. At the specified time the parties appeared upon the ground, and the seconds made another ineffectual attempt to make it up between the belligerents. "We wish to fight—to fight to the death!" they replied, to the representations of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Shakspeare's apothecary, approached the seconds, and, in a lamentable voice, said—

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artizan with a large family, and if you would——."

"My good man, don't bother us now," cried one of the officers, "don't you see they are going to spit each other? We are not in a charitable humour."

"It's not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and, having heard that those gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins."

At these words the individuals about to commence the combat, and who had heard this conversation, burst into a loud fit of laughter, and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other. An hour afterwards they and their brother officers gave the most unequivocal proofs of wishing to live by partaking of a sumptuous breakfast at the Fonda de Perona; and the sequel of the affair was, that the young lieutenant fell in love with and married the young lady whose beauty he had disparaged, for, on a more attentive contemplation, he saw in her more beauty, both of mind and person, than he had previously been aware of.

GALLANTRY.

A writer recently stated that, "we want more of the true French gallantry in society." Possibly we do; but we want other things more. Society is a pleasant institution, but *home* is a holy one; and that accomplished people, whose distinguishing feature is gallantry, and whom our writer would have us imitate, have no such word as *home* in their vocabulary. It is to our isolation—to our home habits, perhaps more than any other thing, that we Amercans owe our individual success. Home is all that most of us work for. What Mrs. Grundy says, troubles but few of us—such, for instance, as our gallantry-loving writer and the fashionists who sympathise with him. Our thoughts center in our homes; and when at night we return from laboring with brain or hand to keep that home for the few we love, the foot-prints of angels are all about its doors; virtue—truth—purity have kept it in our absence, and a quiet, holy rest of love awaits us after our toil. Ah! one real American home, one evening within the charmed circle of its untainted influence, is worth all the gallantry of all the *salons* and courts in Christendom.

A QUESTION.—Has a woman a right to keep an omnibus filled with passengers, waiting, while she pulls a bundle of tea, a paper of raisins, a package of coffee, an eight-cornered bundle of soda-crackers which sticks most obstinately to the lining, and a promiscuous collection of tomatoes, oranges, lemons, and apples, lying around loose, from her pocket, for the purpose of getting at the six pennies which she has secured in the corner of her handkerchief, with tyings, compared to which the famous Gordian knot was but the loosest possible hitch?

A POETICAL grocer in announcing a quantity of honey for sale advertised that, to prevent mistakes, he would state that, "Like the attributes of mercy, the honey is not *strained*."

OUR GUNNER'S SHOT.

AN INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme northwest of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward, but along towards the close of the afternoon the sea breeze died away, and one of those sultry, oven-like atmospheric breathings came from the great sun-burnt Sahara.

Half-an-hour before sundown the captain gave the order to the boatswain to call the hands to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the gangways, the ports, the nettings, bowsprit, and some of the more venturesome took their leap from the arms of the lower yard.

One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard arm and the swinging boom, and into these some of the swimmers made their way.

Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily, were two of the boys, Tim. Wallace and Fred. Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood, they started out from the studding sail on a race.

There was a loud ringing about of joy on their lips, as they put off, and they started through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long and heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

The vessel was moored, with a long sweep from both cables and the buoy of the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man.

Towards the buoy the two lads made their way, Fred. Fairbanks taking the lead, but when they were within about twenty or thirty fathoms of the buoy, Tim. shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast deal of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon the poop, and was on the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached him that made him start as if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

"A shark! a shark!" came from the captain of the forecastle, and at the sound of the terrible words the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right abeam, at the distance of three or four cables' length, a shark-wake was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys.

For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn, but the little fellows heard him not. Stoutly the two swimmers strove for the gaol, all unconscious of the fearful death-spirit that hovered so near them. Their merry laugh still rang out over the waters, and at length they both touched the buoy together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of our old gunner. A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach them in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight, and then he knew that all hope would be gone. At that moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy!

The cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns we all loaded and shotted fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand, made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming wire and picked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion wafer, and set it in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a steady, giant strength, the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a single moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrible sea monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air was awoke by the roar of a heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back on the combing of the hatch, and covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his efforts, for if he had failed, he knew that the boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence, but as the smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first, a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmur grew louder and stronger until it swelled to a joyous deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed out upon the water, and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with his belly up—a mangled mass.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead with fright, they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon the gun for support.

I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and suspense, but never have I seen three hundred human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that eventful moment, when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.

MOUSE-POWER.

A gentleman in Kirkaldy, Scotland, has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery enabling them to spin cotton yarn. The work is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to twist twine and reel from 100 to 126 threads per day. To complete this, the little pedestrians have to run 10 1-0 miles. A half-pennyworth of oatmeal, at 1s. 3d. per peck, serves one of these treadwheel culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day. At this rate a mouse earns 7s. 6d. per annum. Take off 5d. for board, and 1s. for machinery, there will arise 6s. clear for every mouse annually. The mouse employer was going to make an application for the lease of an old empty house, which would hold 10,000 mouse-mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundreds of spectators.

COME TO THE WINDOW.

BY QUALLON.

Come to the window to-night,
It cannot be deem'd a sin;
You needn't fear to tread light,
My mother will not be in!
I'll listen for you at eight,
Be sure you come to the time;
Don't be a minute *too* late,
For love deferr'd is a crime!

The gate will ope to your touch,
But close it gently and still;
For fears in love are not much,
If conscience bows to the will!
Don't be afraid if it's dark,
My sister no tales will tell;
I'm sure the dog will not bark,
For he knows your step so well!

I'll show the way you must take,
If you don't want to be seen;
Then an excuse I can make
If the servant says you've been!
Last night I was pale with fear,
I heard you run down the lane;
Mother said some one was near;
I said "It must be the rain!"

But girls have ever been made
With fears since courtship began;
For if their schemes are well laid,
They're always broken by man!
But come at the time I've nam'd!
Walk boldly up to the door;
Maidens for kindness are fam'd,
And so I'll try you once more!

MY MARRIAGE.

BY LOUIS N. BURDICK.

"It is useless, quite useless, to talk further upon the subject," I exclaimed, breaking in abruptly upon my father's remarks.

"But hear me——"

"I can imagine all you would advance, and once for all, I cannot accede to your wishes."

"And why? You have now arrived at a point when it is incumbent upon you to assume a fixed position in life. You have a good education, have travelled extensively, are nearly twenty-five, have fine prospects for the future, and it is now your duty—your *duty*, sir—to marry."

"All this may be very true, but——"

"*But!*" echoed my father, in something of a passion; "never let me hear that word again. I am getting old, and cannot much longer prosecute my extensive business; and the firm of 'Tibbets & Co.' must not cease to exist. For upwards of thirty years it has been considered as one of the most secure and respectable houses in the city. And the name must not—it *shall* not be stricken out of existence in that connection, sir," and the old gentleman brought his cane down upon the floor with such force that the poker fell from its support.

"Really," I observed, in a pacifying tone, "I have no desire that such should be the case; yet——"

"Yet you refuse to be guided by me in this affair. I have reared you in the hope that you would, so soon as you arrrived at mature age, become a partner; and finally, when I am gone, become my successor, the head of the house of Tibbets & Co."

"But hear me," I exclaimed, becoming alarmed at his vehemency; "I have no wish to thwart your excellent schemes; on the contrary, I am as desirous as yourself that our house should retain its identity."

"Then why are you so obstinate in objecting to my proposal?"

"I object only to the first point—that which touches upon marriage."

"And why object to marriage? A man never can take a firm stand in society while he remains single. A man," continued the old gentleman, growing more and more emphatic in his speech, "is not a man until he is married!"

"Neither do I object to marriage in the abstract," I replied. "I only demur at the manner of obtaining a wife which you propose."

"No reasonable man would do that. The young lady to whom I refer is young, beautiful and accomplished—in short, she possesses every happy quality to make a desirable wife."

"No doubt; still, she is a woman of your choice, not mine. You proceed in the procuring of a wife for me as you would in any little matter of business. To this I objected—I now object—I ever shall object."

"And solely for the reason that I have selected a lady for you, you refuse to wed her. A pretty excuse, truly, and a high estimate you place upon my judgment."

My father was becoming excited. So was I.

"Your judgment may be excellent—nay, more, it is," I responded; "but in an affair of the heart, no one but the person directly interested should be the judge."

"And am I not directly interested in your welfare?"

"Aye; but not to that extent which will warrant you in directing whom I shall marry."

"But I repeat that she whom I have mentioned is in every way worthy to become your wife."

"Nevertheless, it does not follow that a similarity of disposition exists between us; that our spirits are analogous; that a congeniality of mind and soul——"

"Nonsense!" broke in my father.

"No! there must be a pure love existing between me and the one I wed. Without this, marriage would be a profanity—a crime."

"But all this will follow."

"That is by no means certain. Recollect, I have never seen this paragon of excellence with whom you wish me to connect my fortunes; I do not know her position in society; I do not even know her name; in fact, I know nothing about her."

"You shall see her this day."

"I have no desire to."

"You must. And when once you behold her you will love her—you cannot help it."

"Let no such hope elate you," I said firmly; "I cannot marry her. In all else I am willing to be advised and guided to a certain extent by you. But in this matter I shall remain my own counsellor."

My father started nervously from his seat. It was plain to perceive that he had set his heart upon this union, and his determination only increased at my refusal. His face became more flushed, and he walked up and down the room with short, quick steps. All the energies of his character were getting aroused at what he termed my obstinacy; and his temper once awakened was like a tornado. Aware of this, yet firmly resolved not to be coerced in the matter, I remained silent, my arm resting upon the center table, my eyes fixed steadily upon a figure in the carpet, and, withal, an expression of stern determination stamped upon my countenance. I inherited much of my father's firmness and unyielding spirit, and a knowledge of this provoked him excessively.

"Hear me," he exclaimed, pausing suddenly in his walk and facing me. "It is not till after much reflection that I have broached this subject to you; it is no idle one. The young lady whom I intend for your wife is the daughter of an old and valued friend. In youth we were as brothers. We married, and were each blessed with an offspring—he with a daughter and I with a son. We made a promise that when arrived at proper ages the two should be united. Soon after, quite unexpectedly, business required the absence of my friend in a southern city. He departed, and returned only to remove his family. Since that time we seldom met. A few years since he died, and his wife more recently. The daughter, a few months since, arrived in this city, where she is residing with the family of a friend. She it is whom I refer to in connection with your marriage. My word, sir, I consider as pledged, and I desire you to see that it be not broken."

"Was it not a very rash promise to make?" I ventured to inquire.

"And why rash?"

"Why, how could you foresee the thousand-and-one obstacles which might intervene to prevent such a consummation?"

"Nevertheless, the promise has been made; and there really is no obstacle to prevent its fulfilment."

"You mistake."

"I know of none."

"There are those I have stated."

"They are mere fancies. They have no foundation in fact."

"To me they are insurmountable."

"Yet, sir, they must be surmounted."

"They cannot be."

"I have staked my word; it cannot now be recalled. Would you have it forfeited?"

"But what if mine, also, be pledged. Would you, in that case, have me dishonored?"

"Yours, impossible! How can your word be pledged—in what manner—for what—to whom?"

"Supposing, for instance," I replied, looking directly into his eyes, "that I had given my promise to marry another?"

My father was startled. I may say he was stunned. He stood for several moments looking vacantly into my face, and then he quietly seated himself before me, and took another and longer investigation of my features. It was apparent that such an idea had never entered his thoughts. After a while he spoke.

"You don't really mean to say that you *have* committed yourself in that manner?" he uttered.

"I merely supposed the case," I answered, with a sly glance at him.

"But it is not a supposable case," he exclaimed, recovering his anger and from his surprise at the same time; "it's not a supposable case—you have no right to suppose it."

"And why not? It would be nothing out of the ordinary course of nature that I should form an attachment for a young lady, if she be beautiful and good."

"Is this really the case?"

His eyes were bent sternly upon me as he spoke.

"And if it be?——"

"*If* it be!—sir, you have no right to form such an attachment without my consent."

"How much less, then, have you the right to make an agreement which is to shape my future destiny for good or evil, without consulting me."

"The case is different, sir, widely different."

"I cannot perceive the difference."

"I can; you are or will be, as it were, my representative; you will assume my position when I am dead; to you the honor of my name and house will be entrusted, and it is a matter of the most vital importance to me that she who is to become your wife be in every respect worthy the position she will assume in forming such a connection."

"Very true; but your confidence in my judgment must be extremely limited to suppose that I would form a matrimonial alliance with any other."

He saw the truth and force of my argument; but he would not own them. He was, I saw, resolutely bent on my marrying the object of his choice. It is almost needless to remark that I was determined to do no such thing.

"Tell me at once," he uttered, after a moment's pause, "have you or have you not formed such an obligation?"

"To put the matter at rest, then, I have."

My father became absolutely colorless, and fell back in his seat as if overcome by faintness. I preserved a quietness of demeanor quite astonishing, and my features retained their stern expression. But I will acknowledge that my heart battered for a few moments tumultuously against my ribs, for I was not without a slight fear of the consequences.

At length he recovered his composure and addressed me.

"You must cancel this engagement," said he.

"Indeed," I uttered, meeting his frowning countenance unflinchingly.

"Yes."

"I cannot."

"I repeat it, you must."

"But everything forbids it. I have pledged my word to marry this girl, and I love her fondly. My deepest affections are centered upon her, and to lose her would be to lose the greatest chārm of life."

"You know I have never opposed you in any reasonable desire. I have always granted to you what an indulgent father could grant to further the caprice or happiness of a son. In this one instance I desire you to be guided by me; I must be obeyed in this. You must not, I insist, go further in this affair."

"But I have gained the affections of a generous, warm-hearted being. She has bestowed upon me her fervent love, and it is returned as ardently. Can you, my father, counsel me to violate every feeling of honor, and cast from me forever the one whom I have sworn to wed? Would it be generous, would it be manly, to crush a helpless, loving woman thus, and embitter, as I know it must, her whole future existence?"

He was somewhat shaken by my appeal; I saw it plainly. Yet, he almost instantly regained his firmness. He was really the best-hearted of men; but when his pride and self-will were aroused, he was by them impelled into the committal of actions which, in his calmer hours, he would often regret; althoug his nature might not allow him to make atonement for them."

"I will see her myself," he said, at length. "I will tell her of the impropriety, the impossibility of the union she contemplates with you. I will forbid her to receive your addresses longer, and entreat her, even on my knees, to give up her intentions."

My father, without doubt, imagined he had struck upon an excellent plan, and that every obstacle to his wishes would now be overcome. I deemed it differently.

"Tell me," he continued, "where does she reside? I will go to her at once."

"It would be utterly useless," I said.

"Leave that to me."

"But I have no wish that such a course should be adopted."

"Will you not give me her name?"

"Really, sir, I must decline."

My father was quite foiled, and he accordingly went into a terrible passion. He raved and he stormed and he threatened, but I retained my immobility. Suddenly he paused before me. His tone was low but determined.

"One of us must retreat from the position we have taken. Once for all, will you cease your connection with this girl? Think well before you reply, for on that reply depends your future destiny."

"I need no time for contemplation," I replied; "once for all, I will not give her up!"

"Then, sir, the consequences be upon your own head. Persist in the course you have marked out—marry with other than her whom I have mentioned, and your connection with me from that moment ceases; you are from that hour no longer a son of mine—not one dollar of my money will revert to you. I shall cast you off, sir, and never dare, from that time, to look to me for assistance!"

His features were rendered totally colorless by excess of passion, and his whole form trembled violently, as he fell rather than seated himself upon a chair at the conclusion of his speech.

I also was agitated—far more deeply than my appearances would indicate, for I struggled to subdue my emotion. Yet, not for a single instant did the thought of yielding present itself to my mind. I knew he meant all he said,—that he would religiously keep his word; but I was not to be coerced.

"Be it as you say, then," said I, not without emotion; "I cannot withdraw my feet from the path I have chosen. Far rather would I forego riches, and even your approbation, than fail to pursue an honorable course with one I love so deeply—so devotedly."

"If that be your final decision," he uttered, "our conference is at an end; I no longer desire the presence of an ungrateful and disobedient son."

"Not ungrateful," I exclaimed, impetuously; "no not ungrateful, however great my faults."

He turned his head away and waved me from him. With a sad and heavy heart, yet firm as adamant in my determination, I made what few preparations were needful, and left my father's house.

That evening I called upon my dear Carrie, the fair object for whom I had sacrificed all my flattering worldly prospects. She was poor, and this, I had feared, would eventually prove a reason, with my father, for not consenting to our union. She was an orphan, too, and resided in the family of a wealthy relative, with whom I had long been an acquaintance. Our courtship had been short, but we were none the less fervently attached.

As I entered her preseece, that evening, I found her, much to my delight, alone. She started forward with her usual sweet smile to greet me, but almost instantly detecting the sorrow expressed on my features, she became alarmed, and inquired anxiously:

"What is the matter?—You look ill—you are suffering. Tell me, dearest, what effects you thus?"

"It is time," I replied, determined to tell her all, "I am suffering—deeply suffering."

She turned pale and tears sprang into her eyes.

I quickly led her to a seat, and placing myself beside her, took her white little hand in mine, and looked calmly into her love-lit eyes. All this surprised her amazingly. She waited with a trembling curiosity and fear to what I had to reveal.

"Carrie," said I at length, "you have often told me that you love me. Of that I cannot doubt. But hitherto you have considered me wealthy. I am so no longer. Do you love me to that extent that you would be willing to share with me poverty?"

She uttered an exclamation in which were blended love and joy and relief.

"Can you doubt it?" she cried. "Yes, more, I could share every privation—death, even, with you, and find in them a pleasure.

I pressed the dear girl to my heart.

"That I love you truly, devotedly;" I said, "is this day proved. For your sake I forfeit a father's favor and a fortune."

"What mean you?" she exclaimed, looking quickly up, while a shadow of pain crossed her features.

"I mean, love, that my father, being opposed to my marriage with you, has this day disowned and disinherited me, because I will not consent to wed with one of his choice."

"And all this you forego for my sake?"

"Yes," I exclaimed impassionately; "but for your sake, dearest, I would lose a world."

She buried her face in her bosom and gave way to a wild burst of tears.

"It must not be. I cannot, cannot consent to wed you on such terms," she sobbed. "No, no I can never be the means of separating father and son. Though it break my heart, I will not be the means of making you wretched."

"Dear child," I replied, "the only means of making me wholly wretched is to persist in such a determination. Without your love I should be miserable, indeed. No, you would but render us both unhappy by refusing to marry with me now, that I have given up so much for you. Besides, I can enter into some business; I have a small property in my own right."

She looked confidingly up into my face as I spoke, and smiled through her tears. I kissed them rapturously from her cheek.

Three days after we were privately married, and at the suggestion of my wife's friends I took up my residence with them until I could procure a desirable home.

A morning or two after this, my little wife and myself ventured forth to prosecute some shopping which she deemed indispensable. We had accomplished it, and were returning slowly up Broadway, arm in arm, when, happening to cast my eyes across the street, I espied my worthy father standing upon the opposite walk, gazing towards us. Preserving my composure, though wondering much at his conduct, I continued leisurely on, chatting with my wife as unconcernedly as possible. Soon, however, I gave a cautious, sidelong glance in the direction of my father, and to my surprise noticed that he was slowly following and watching us, and apparently ignorant of the fact that I had seen him.

"What can he mean?" I asked myself, repeatedly, but for my life I could imagine no suitable reply. I thought it impossible for him to be actuated by a mere spirit of curiosity to learn where I resided. It would have been more natural for him to have passed me by haughtily, without deigning to look twice upon me.

Now and then I gave a quick glance along the opposite side of the street, and saw that he still continued to follow us, keeping about the same distance off; and whenever he saw my eyes turn that way, he would fall behind some other pedestrian, to screen himself from my sight.

At length we turned off from the main street, and soon after entered our dwelling. My father halted at the corner, and marked where we stopped. Having a desire to fathom this mysterious conduct in him, I made some excuse to my wife, and immediately left the house. He still remained in the position I had last seen him, and glided around the corner as I made my appearance. I was soon in Broadway again, and walking slowly down that thoroughfare. Two or three times I looked hastily about me, but discovered nothing of the old gentleman, and I wondered exceedingly thereat. I had just resolved to turn about and go home again, when I felt a hand laid upon my arm from behind, and on turning, who should I behold but my worthy father, an expression of wonder still resting upon his face.

He didn't say a word for the time being; but drew me quietly into a by street, where but few people were passing, and then, as we walked slowly along, he opened the conversation.

"I saw you, sir!" he said abruptly, with an attempt to frown.

I looked into his face inquiringly.

"Going up, sir—I saw you going up with that young lady."

"Oh!" said I simply, determined that he should explain himself.

"Yes, sir," he continued, provoked at my apparent indifference; "and I followed you."

"Indeed."

"Ay; and I saw where you went."

"Well."

My father looked up surprised that I exhibited no confusion at his remarks.

"Well!" he repeated; "sir, I don't understand it, at all."

"I see nothing to excite your surprise," I replied, beginning to be astonished exceedingly at his speech.

"Then allow me to tell you, I do. I was already aware of your stubborn and rebellious nature; but I knew not before that you were a hypocrite—"

"Sir!"

"A deceitful, prevaricating hypocrite, who—"

"Hold!" I exclaimed; "I cannot allow such language, even from you."

"But, sir, I have a duty to perform; and it is because I have become suddenly acquainted with the simulation you practice, that I speak to you, as I would to the veriest stranger under similar circumstances."

I stopped, and looked into his face, to see if I could trace symptoms of insanity.

"Tell me at once," I exclaimed, "what you mean. I have not the slightest idea, I assure you."

"Are you not married?" he cried angrily.

"I am happy to answer you, yes."

"Then, sir, how have you the assurance, so soon after, to be seen promenading with another, who, I dare say, knows nothing of the fact."

"With another?" I echoed; "and when, may I ask?"

"Why, scarcely half an hour since."

"Impossible; you have seen me only with my wife."

"Stop, sir; I saw you with her—her of all others whom you should not be seen with—Miss Carrie Benson."

"What, you know her, then?"

"Know her! Ah! you confess, then."

"Confess to what! Is she not my wife?"

My father was amazed beyond expression.

"Your wife!" he repeated; "come, come, that will not do."

"Certainly, my wife, and none other. But what in the name of heaven!" I continued, getting indignant at this mysterious questioning, "do you mean. Explain yourself at once, if such a thing be possible."

"Can it be that you are not deceiving me?" he cried, a ray of pleasure struggling to break forth upon his features.

"Upon my word, I am not. Why should I wish to deceive you? Carrie is the only one I ever loved, and she it is to whom I am married. For this you have cast me off. And I can scarcely understand your conduct this day."

My venerable father gave expression to a cry of joy, and as I looked I beheld two tears roll down his cheeks, while his lips quivered with the emotions that stirred him.

"Tell me," I exclaimed, rendered still more surprised and impatient at what I saw, "how are you interested, and why thus affected?"

He looked into my eyes and grasped my hand which he pressed tenderly within his own.

"My dear boy," he uttered, "can it be possible that you do not comprehend?"

"Most assuredly, I do not."

"Why, Carrie is the very one whom I had destined to become your wife—the very one whom you refused to receive at my hands!"

I was astonished—bewildered—overjoyed. Could it be possible that both of us had all this time been looking toward the same one, and yet be ignorant of the fact? Yet so it was.

"Come," said my father, placing his arm within mine, "come let us go immediately to your home. This has made me young again. Our quarrel must from this moment, my dear boy, be forgotten—totally forgotten. Come," and in his happiness and impatience to meet with Carrie, he would actually have outstripped me in walking, had I not restrained him.

It need only be said that the firm of "Tibbets & Co." is still in existence, and that I am the principal active partner. Not only that, but there is every prospect that the firm will not lack for representatives of the name in after years.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

Amongst all compositions, these alone deserve the name of sacred lyrics. These alone contain a poetry that meets the spiritual nature in all its moods and all its wants, which strengthens virtue with glorious exhortations, gives angelic eloquence to prayer, and almost rises to the seraph's joy in praise. In distress and fear, they breathe the low sad murmur of complaint; in penitence, they groan with the agony of the troubled soul. They have a gentle music for the peace of faith; in adoration, they ascend to the glory of creation, and the majesty of God. For assemblies or for solitude, for all that gladdens and all that grieves, for our heaviness and despair, for our remorse and our redemption, we find in these divine harmonies the loud or the low expression. Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amidst the courts of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn spaces of the temple. They were sung with glory in the halls of Zion; they were sung with sorrow by the streams of Babel. And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that church, from the hymn which first was whispered in an upper chamber, until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotions, and ennobled its rituals.

And that it has been, not alone, in the august cathedral or the rustic chapel. Chorused by the winds of heaven, they have swelled through God's own temple of the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valleys of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the forlorn Waldenses; through the steeps and caves of Scottish highlands, in the rude chantings of the Scottish covenanters; through the woods and wilds of primitive America in the heroic hallelujahs of the early pilgrims.

Nor is it in the congregation, alone, that David has given to the religious heart a voice. He has given an utterance, also, for its privacy,—for the low-lying invalid,—soothing the dreariness of pain, softening the monotony of heavy time, supplying the prayer or the promise, with which to break the midnight or the sleepless hour: for the unhappy, to give them words of sadness, by which to relieve their disquieted and their castdown souls; by which to murmur between themselves and God, the holy sorrow that heaven alone should hear; for the penitent, when the light of grace would seem departed, and the ear of mercy closed,—then David gives the cry of his own impassioned deprecation, in supplication and confession. And when contrition has found repose and the tempest of lamentation been stilled by the assurance of peace, he gives the hymn of his exultant and of his grateful praise.

LOSS OF LIFE BY WARS.

We have seen it sometimes remarked, in reference to the loss of life in the Crimea, that certain battles were among the bloodiest ever fought, the sacrifice of life the greatest, &c. But such writers either forget, or certainly know very little about the terrible battles fought in former times, and even of a comparatively recent date, and within the memory of persons living. Let us notice some of these.

At the battle of Arcola, the Austrians lost, in killed and wounded, 18,000 men; the French, 15,000.

At Hohenlinden, the Austrian loss was 14,000; the French, 9,000.

At Austerlitz, the Allies, out of 80,000 men, lost 30,000 in killed and wounded or prisoners; the French lost only (!) 12,000.

At Jena and Auerstadt, the Prussians lost 30,000 men, killed and wounded, and nearly as many prisoners, making nearly 60,000 in all; and the French, 14,000 in killed and wounded.

At the terrific battle of Eylau, the Russians lost 25,000 in killed and wounded; and the French 30,000.

At Friedland, the Russian loss was 17,000, in killed and wounded; the French loss was 8,000.

At Wagram, the Austrians and French lost each 25,000 men, or 50,000 in all, killed and wounded.

At Smolenski, the French loss was 17,000 men—that of the Russians, 10,000.

At Borodino, which is said to have been "the most murderous and obstinately fought battle on record," the French lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, 50,000 men—the Russians about the same number, making in all 100,000 men in one battle!

At Lutzen, the French loss was 18,000—the Allies, 15,000.

At Bautzen, the French lost 25,000 men—the Allies 15,000.

At Dresden, where the battle lasted two days, the Allies lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, 25,000 men; and the French, between 10,000 and 12,000.

At Leipsic, which lasted three days, Napoleon lost two marshals, twenty generals, and about 60,000 men, in killed, wounded and prisoners—the Allies, 1,790 officers, and about 40,000 men—upwards of 100,000 men in all!

At Ligny, the Prussians lost 15,000 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners—the French 6,800.

The battle of Trebbia lasted three days! and the French and Allies lost each about 12,000 men, or 24,000 in all.

Here we have battles among which are some, compared to which those in the Crimea were but small engagements, great as they appear to us. Besides these were several others of minor importance to the foregoing, as to the loss of men, but large in the aggregate. There were those of the Bridge of Lodi, a most desperately contested fight—the famous battle of the Nile, a sea fight, in which Nelson lost 895 men, in killed and wounded; and the French, 5,225 men, in killed and wounded, 3005 prisoners, and 13 out of 17 ships engaged in the action—that of the Bay of Aboukir, where the French had 8,000 men engaged, and the Turks 9,000; and every man of the Turk was lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners—Novi—Engers—Marengo, a most desperate and bloody engagement—Maida, where the French, out of 7,500 men engaged, lost about 4,800 in killed and wounded and prisoners—Talavera, another famous and bloody engagement—Albuera, where the British, out of 7,500 men engaged, lost 4,300—Salamanca—Vittoria—Toulouse—Paris, and Quatre Bras.

In all these battles, the loss in killed and wounded, on all sides, was at least a MILLION of men, besides thousands in skirmishes, minor engagements, &c., and that within a period of less than thirty years. Enormous as is this loss and injury of life—of those who fall in battle and are maimed by wounds—it is but small compared to the loss of life caused otherwise by war. "The numbers killed and wounded in battle," says a writer, "are no full index to the loss of life in war, and seldom comprise one fourth of its actual victims." It is small compared to the immense numbers carried off by disease, exposure, and other casualties incident to war.

Alison says of the campaign of 1799; "In little more than four months the French and Allied armies had lost nearly half of their collective forces; those cut off, or irrecoverably mutilated by the sword, being about 116,000 men." And "The survivors of the French army from the Russian campaign were not more than 35,000 men, out of an army of 500,000 men!"

Such are the curses of war! It is the greatest calamity that ever befell a nation, and more to be dreaded than plague, pestilence, or famine. If it has any advantages, they are of such a character as the hurricane or earthquake produce in nature—more of a negative than of a positive character—in the destruction of tyrannical governments, and old, time worn political systems of error and oppression.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Only those men are truly great, who place their ambition rather in acquiring to themselves a consciousness of worthy enterprises, than in the prospect of glory which attends them. These exalted spirits would rather be secretly the authors of events which are serviceable to mankind, than, without being such, to have the fame of it. Triumph, applause, acclamation, are dear to the heart of man; but it is a more exquisite delight to say to yourself, you have done well, than to hear the whole human race pronounce you glorious, when you are conscious you do not deserve their applause; and when a man is thoroughly persuaded that he ought not to admire, wish for, or pursue anything but what is exactly his duty, it is not in the power of seasons, persons, or accidents to diminish his value or sully his glory.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

The Cocoy queen beetle is about one inch and a quarter in length, and, what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist, two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature. These little lamps do not flash and glimmer, like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as the gas-light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which affords light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the day-time, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and instantly extinguishes them on coming again into the light.

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

BY B. GRANT.

The spirit o' Beauty passeth 'way,
To return again, oh! never;
But Music's holy spirit ray
Lingereth around us ever.

We hear it in the tempest's roar,
And the wind's wildest commotion;
It singeth in the forest hoar,—
Soundeth in the depths of ocean.

It murmurs in the rippling stream,
With a pure and gentle laughter;
It dances in the morning's beam,—
Fills the soul, once heard, e'er after.

It dwells upon the sea, the shore,
And the forest-waving mountains;
It roams the sea forevermore,—
Bubbles in the chrystal fountain.

The spirit o' Beauty passeth 'way,
And returns to us, ah! never;
But Music's holy spirit-ray,
Fills and thrills our souls forever.

TROY, April, 1856.

PLEASING EVERYBODY.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Peter Lyford was forty years old, and though a man of good mind and much intelligence, yet he had some things to learn; aye—and some simple life-lessons, too. He was a good-hearted man, fat and fair, and almost always happy. In fact Peter made it an object of his life to make all the happiness he could, though it must be confessed he sometimes failed in accomplishing his purpose. He would as soon thought of cutting his hand off as of doing anything which he knew would make unhappiness for anybody. The appearance of his smiling face at an evening party was always the sure precursor of fun and merriment; and where he was scandal made but little headway. He had as few enemies as any man living, but this was not the result of his never annoying any one, because he did that often; but then he had a peculiar faculty of winning the injured ones directly back to love and good-will. Did he offend a man, or woman, to-day, to-morrow—or as soon as he discovered the fact—he was sure to post off and make it up.

We said Peter had a failing. It was simply his strong desire to please everybody. In the words of St. Paul, he could be "all things to all men." He never disputed anybody, never, save in matters where mere information was wanted, or an unintentional mistake had been made which he could correct. Talk to him on politics, and tell him that the safety of the country depended upon decapitating all male infants born of alien parents, and he would agree with you. Grow warm on the subject, and swear that all aliens under one-and-twenty ought to be hung, or in some other way eternally disposed of, and he would swear positively to the same thing. Half an hour afterwards he might meet Snooks. Snooks says that America is the home for the oppressed of all nations, and that we should open our arms to receive them; and Peter would join him heart and soul. In fact, he could be more zealous now, for this idea had the sanction of his sympathy. Snooks says government ought to educate the children of aliens. "Aye," cries Peter, "and give 'em all farms, too."

And so it was on all matters. Peter never disputed a man's veracity, nor could he question the correctness of his opinions. Consequently he had to listen to a great many Buncombe speeches, for long-winded politicians knew they would find in him an appreciating listener. So, too, fond mothers loved to talk to him about their children; husbands, about their wives; and sporting friends, about their horses. There were at least forty men in the city to whom Peter had sworn most devoutly that the horse which each one owned would pass anything on the road.

But Peter often found himself in trouble on account of this *pleasing* propensity, and more than once had he made up his mind that never again would he give the weight of his opinion to anything which did not receive the sanction of his judgment.

One day Peter was waited upon by a sporting gentleman, and asked to go and look at some horses he had in a stable not far distant. Now Peter was in reality a good judge of horse flesh, and his friends knew it. On the present occasion the sporting friend, whose name was Porlitt, asked Peter to step in and have some oysters. Peter never refused such a request, so he went. Porlitt paid for the oysters, and also for a bottle of champagne; and after this they adjourned to the stable, where Porlitt had some half dozen horses. One after another they were led out, and Peter looked them over.

"Aren't there a beauty?" cried the owner, giving the halter a twitch.

"*Beau*-tiful!" responded Peter.

Peter felt good from the effects of the champagne, and he would not have hurt Porlitt's feelings for the world.

By and by a young man named Williams entered the stable. He was just engaging in the express business, and wished to buy a horse. He was a particular friend of Peter's, his father having once been Peter's best friend in an hour of need. So Peter Lyford now felt nearly the same affection for the youth that he would have felt for a child of his own blood.

Young Williams had come to purchase a horse of Porlitt. The jockey led one out—a stout looking, fat, glossy gelding, of a dark bay color.

"There!" uttered Porlitt, "there's a horse for ye. Look at that movement!—just see them legs!—What cords!"

"How much is he worth?" the youth asked, eagerly.

"Well—he's worth more'n I shall ask ye for him. He's worth two hundred an' a half if he's worth a penny. But I know how you're situated, and I wont be hard on ye. You may have him for just one hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"A'n't that high?" asked Williams.

"Peter," uttered the jockey, turning to our hero, "a'n't he a noble beast?"

"He is—I declare," responded Peter.

"And such limbs—such motions! Shouldn't you say that a hundred and seventy-five was dog cheap?"

Now Peter could see at a glance that the animal was not sound. He knew by the muscular contraction of the flanks that there was trouble somewhere, though he had not examined the horse enough to know how much he was injured. And he furthermore knew that the beast could not be sold for any such price if he had been perfectly sound. But how could he injure the reputation of property belonging to the friend who had just been treating him to oysters and champagne? He could not do it—though he did hope the animal might prove to be better than he feared.

"A'n't that dog cheap, Peter?"

"I should say it was," responded the accommodating man. "I should say so—most decidedly."

At that moment another man came in who had been searching for Peter on business, and our hero went away with him, leaving Williams and Porlitt to settle the business alone.

A week after this young Williams came to Peter with tears in his eyes.

"Uncle Peter," he uttered, in a choking tone, "how could you lead me into buying that horse of Porlitt?"

"Why—what d'ye mean? What is it?" returned Peter, somewhat startled.

"Why—you remember the large bay horse we were looking at in Porlitt's stable. You said he was well worth a hundred and seventy-five. I knew you were a good judge, and I supposed I could depend upon what you said; and under that supposition I paid him his price."

"Well—and is the horse very bad?"

"*Very* bad? Why—he's chest-foundered; got the spring-halt, and the heaves! He isn't worth ten dollars. Oh! it comes hard on me. It was nearly all the money I had. Porlitt laughs at me. He says he didn't warrant the horse."

"Bless me, John—I'm sorry. But you see I couldn't very well go to running down a friend's horse."

"I would not have asked you to do so, Uncle Peter. Had you merely said that you knew nothing about the animal—or even hinted that you did not wish to express an opinion, I should not have bought him. I supposed you knew, and if the horse was as you said, then I had no fears of buying."

"By the powers, I wish Porlitt had been to thunder before he'd asked me anything about his cussed old horse!" exclaimed Peter, earnestly. In fact, he felt bad. He loved John Williams, and he knew he had been the means of taking that money away from him. He pondered over the subject awhile, and then he said,—

"Look ye, John—I'll see Porlitt, and then I'll write you a letter. I'll fix it up somehow."

So the youth went away somewhat hopeful.

"Now by the great jumping Moses!" uttered Peter to himself, after Williams had gone, "I'll never again say a thing that I don't know to be true. I won't, so help me Jerusalem!"

Immediately after this Peter went out and bought a noble horse, for which he paid two hundred dollars, and then he wrote a letter to Williams informing him that the horse was his, and bidding him sell the other animal for what he could get; and then he sent the horse and letter by one of his own servants.

Peter went nearly two weeks after this without once admitting anything as true which he knew to be false. But the habit had become too firmly seated to be thus easily broken off, as we shall see.

Charles Sampson and his wife sat in their neatly furnished sitting-room engaged in an earnest conversation. Charles was a young merchant, having just entered into business for himself. He was only thirty years of age, but he had managed by economy and prudence to save up some six thousand dollars, and this, added to a like sum which his wife had brought him, enabled him to enter business with very fair prospects. His wife was a mild, hazel-eyed woman, gentle and loving, who thought her husband and her children and her home the trinity of her life, against which all the rest of the world was as nothing. She knew that her husband loved her dearly, and this made her very happy.

"Well, Mary," the young merchant said, in continuation of a conversation which had been going on for over an hour, "I shall look into this matter, and if I find that Bicknell is on good footing I shall go in with him. Uncle Peter knows him. I will ask him."

"I would do as I thought best, Charles," the wife returned. "I suppose there would be many advantages in having a partner."

"Yes—a great many," added the husband. "Two can do better than one. Of course I cannot find a hired assistant who will take so much interest in the concern as a partner would. And then Bicknell has a good run of custom, and come to put our money and credit together, and we can do well."

"But you will see Uncle Peter?"

"Of course I shall."

This "Uncle Peter" was none other than Peter Lyford—our accommodating Peter. Mary Sampson was his own niece—the only child of his only sister, and he loved her as he loved his own soul,—and he loved her husband too. Peter spent much of his time with the young people, and he learned the little ones to call him Grandpapa.

On the following day Charles went to Emery Bicknell's store, and he had the good fortune to find Uncle Peter there. Mr. Bicknell was a good looking man, about forty years of age, and had been engaged in the mercantile business over fifteen years. He was a well-meaning man, and if he ever decived, it was not with the intent of wronging any one.

Charles greeted his uncle very warmly, and then turned to Bicknell. A short time was spent in friendly chat, and then the older merchant opened something of more importance. He knew by the young man's looks that he was anxious.

"Uncle Peter," said Bicknell, (every body called him "uncle" when they wanted an opinion from him,) "do you believe there is in the city a man doing better, on the same capital than I am?"

"No, sir—I don't think there is," responded Peter, earnestly, for he dreamed not that any influence was to be made of his opinion.

"Ah," resumed Bicknell rubbing his hands, "I have done a good business; and let me tell you, Uncle Peter, there aren't a man in the city that understands all the parts of business better than I do. Do you think there is?"

"No—I do not," was Peter's reply. "You are a shrewd fellow, Bicknell. Egad, I wish I had your knowledge of business."

"And my credit, too;" continued the merchant. "Where is there paper that you would sooner take than mine?"

"Nowhere," uttered Peter, enthusiastically. He never did things by halves. He supposed it would please the man thus to flatter him, and he knew just how to do it. "Why," he added, "I would just as lief have your paper as to have the gold. Aye—rather; for gold is too heavy to lug, and the paper of Emery Bicknell is just as good as the bank wherever he is known."

"I knew you would say so," said Bicknell, much pleased.

"But how could I help saying so," cried Peter, delighted to find how happy he was making the merchant. "Don't I know it? And if I know it why shouldn't I say so? I say—give me Em. Bicknell for all of your heavy men."

As Peter thus spoke he gave Bicknell a familiar slap upon the shoulder; and then pulling out his watch he declared that he ought to have been at the bank half an hour before to attend a meeting of the directors. So Uncle Peter went off, and the young merchant and the middle-aged merchant were left alone together.

Uncle Peter attended the directors' meeting, and was appointed by his associates to go to Washington to attend to some important business. He started off that very evening, and was to be gone two weeks.

In the meantime Charles Sampson told his wife what he had heard Uncle Peter say, and he finally concluded to go into business with Mr. Bicknell. He went to the merchant and made known his determination, and articles of agreement between them were drawn up at once. Charles sold out his old establishment, and was thus enabled to place nearly thirteen thousand dollars in the new business; and he went into it with zeal. The new firm—"BICKNELL & SAMPSON—advertised extensively, and while the former did the business out of doors the latter kept everything straight in the store.

Matters moved on very prettily for two weeks, and then there came a——But we'll explain.

One afternoon—it was Saturday—Bicknell came into the store, and he looked pale and haggard. Charles asked him what was the matter, but he received no direct answer. Shortly afterwards two men entered whom the young man instantly recognized as officers.

"Mr. Bicknell," said Charles, trembling with apprehension, "what is this? Let me know at once, sir. I have heard some dark hints thrown out lately, but I have taken no notice of them. But now I wish to know all."

Bicknell motioned for the officers to remain behind a few moments, and then he followed his partner into their private counting room.

"Mr. Sampson," spoke Bicknell, in a low, hoarse tone, "do not think me a villain. I have done wrong, but I meant none. As true as God lives I meant to do no wrong. But we are ruined!"

"Ruined!" gasped Charles, letting his hands drop powerless by his side.

"Yes—ruined," Bicknell repeated. "A year ago I went in with some others to a heavy speculation. It failed, and left us in debt over seventy thousand dollars, for which we were holden individually. The matter has hung along, and I have hoped it could be settled,—aye, I have *believed* so. I supposed my associates in the business were good for most of it, and that the property still left might be made to cover the rest. But those men have failed, and now it comes down on me."

"But they can only touch your half," said Charles, eagerly. "I am not holden—they cannot touch my property."

"Ah, sir," answered Bicknell, trembling from head to foot, "I have done—done—Oh! I did not mean to wrong you. As true as God lives I firmly believed that the paper would be taken care of legitimately!"

"But what have you done?"

"I have given our company paper to take up forty-eight thousand dollars worth of the old paper!—Stop!—Don't speak yet. When I did it I hoped that the others would help me take care of them. The old notes fell due, and we asked for time. I was told that if I could give our company notes we might have the time; but if I did not they would come down on me. I gave the notes, and when I did so my associates promised to help pay them. Now those men have sold out and gone, and—and—the notes must be met!"

"And my name is on paper to the amount of forty-eight thousand dollars!" whispered Charles.

"Yes—with mine."

"But on what time were the notes given?"

"On demand."

"Mr. Bicknell," said the young man, "I am not fit to talk now, I must think of this. You can judge, however, what my feelings must be. Your own conscience will tell you whether you have treated me fairly, or even honestly."

"But——"

"Never mind now, sir. Let the officers come in. I understand it all."

That night Charles Sampson went home a ruined man so far as business was concerned. He could conceal nothing from his wife, for his face revealed the fact, and he quickly related the particulars. She gazed a few moments into his face, and then sinking upon his bosom she burst into tears.

"Oh, Mary, do not let it affect you so. If you can bear up, the burden will be light for me."

"Light for you, Charles?" she uttered gazing up through her tears, and even forcing a smile to her face. "Oh, what can I feel for myself? If you can bear up, then my sun shall shine on as brightly as ever. Oh, I will work for you—bear with you anywhere—so long as you will let me."

"But, Mary, your money is all gone."

"*My* money? O, you wrong me now. I had none that was not all yours. I can only wish that it had all been mine, and then you would not have lost so much. But——"

Mary stopped, for at that moment some one entered the hall; and ere long Uncle Peter Lyford made his appearance.

"What?" he uttered, gazing upon the weeping couple, for Mary's noble devotion had set the big tears running down the husband's cheeks. "What is all this? Bless me, Molly, my dear, what have you been doing? Who's dead?"

"Sit down—sit down, Uncle Peter, and I'll tell you all about it," returned Charles, brushing the tears from his eyes.

And thereupon they sat down, and Charles told to his wife's uncle the whole story. Peter heard him in blank amazement.

"Bless my soul, Charley, you should have come to me," he said, earnestly. "I could have told you all about Bicknell's circumstances. I knew a month ago that that company speculation scrape would swamp him."

"What?" exclaimed Charles in astonishment, "you knew of it?"

"To be sure I did. I wish you had come to me before you went into this business."

"But," continued Charles, still in astonishment, "what can you be thinking of? Mary and I talked the matter all over beforehand, and we arranged that you should be consulted, and your advice followed. I went out in the morning to carry out our plan. I went first to Bicknell's store, and there, you remember, I found you. And you must certainly remember the conversation that followed. I was anxious for your opinion, and I supposed I got it then. I heard you say at that time that you considered Bicknell one of the best business men in the city; that his credit was of the best; his paper as good as gold; his position sound;—and as you were one of the principal officers of one of our heaviest banks I supposed you knew."

"And on the strength of this you entered into this partnership?" uttered Peter, turning pale as death.

"Certainly, I did. I should have seen you again, but you were off for Washington; and as Bicknell was anxious I went in with him. Had I not heard you say what you did nothing could have tempted me to this step until your return."

Peter Lyford started to his feet and walked several times up and down the room. At length he stopped and sat down again.

"Charley," he said, slowly and solemnly, "I was a fool! I didn't dream that what I said was having any other influence than merely to *please* Bicknell. And yet I had had lessons enough before. But, by the Eternal, my mind is made up now. Never again, under any circumstances, will I try to please any living being at the expense of Truth and my own judgment. I wont, by the heavens above me, I wont! There!——And now rest easy. You two are the only heirs I've got. Of course my property is yours when I am done with it; and now I'll just see you enjoying some of it while I can live and see your happiness. I will see that you are entirely clear of this business—I can get you clear of that easily, for your name was used there falsely—though all the property you have in the firm must go. But never mind, I've learned the lesson now so that it will last me."

"Now, my darling Molly, give me a kiss, and both of you tell me that I am forgiven."

Of course Uncle Peter got the kiss—and of course he was forgiven. And the evening which settled down so darkly and gloomily over the young merchant's fortunes opened into a season of joy and thanksgiving.

During the next week Uncle Peter got Charles Sampson entirely clear of the business troubles by simply leaving all the property he owned in the firm of Bicknell & Sampson to the elder partner's creditors. Then he established a noble store; gave Charles thirty thousand dollars, and lent the influence of his own business knowledge to help his nephew on.

And so the cloud passed away, and the sun came out and shone more brightly than ever before. As Uncle Peter's hair grew more grey, and his step more faltering, he went to live with his nephew and niece. And while the latter prospered as only the truly good and honest can prosper, the old man never forgot the pledge he had made touching his own life. Never again did he try to please at the expense of his own truth; and what he lost of mere flattery was more than made up by the respect which can alone be awarded to the honest, faithful friend who fears not to deal justly with all.

EPOCHS OF LIFE.

The natural epochs of human life are six, namely, the period of infancy, childhood, boyhood or girlhood, adolescence, manhood or womanhood, and old age. The space of time inclnded in the first four of these periods is fixed. The period of infancy, commencing at birth, extends to the end of the second year, the point of time at which the first dentition is completed: the period of childhood, commencing at the close of the second year, extends to the termination of the seventh or eighth year, the point of time at which the second dentition is completed: the period of boyhood or girlhood extends to the commencement of the age of purberty; that is, in general, in this country, in the female from the twelfth to the fourteenth year, and for the male, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth year: the period of adolescence extends to the twentieth year of the female, and the twenty-fourth of the male: the period of womanhood extends from the twentieth, and of manhood, from the twenty-fourth year to an age neither determined nor determinable with any degree of exactness; because the point of time at which mature age lapses into old age differs in every individual. It differs according to primitive constitution, to the management of early infancy and childhood; according to regimen, exercise, occupation physical and mental, and the several other circumstances included under the general term 'mood of life.' The period extending from the age of thirty or forty to that extreme old age is then the only variable period in the term of human existence; the only period not fixed by limits which are beyond the power of man materially to extend or abridge.

ADDISON ON ANONYMOUS WRITERS.

> ——Time corrupt and nature ill-inclin'd
> Produc'd the point that left the sting behind;
> Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
> Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
>
> POPE.

There is nothing so scandalous to a government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but at the same time there is nothing so difficult to tame as a satirical author. An angry writer who cannot appear in print, naturally vents his spleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, says the fable, seeing all her wrinkles represented in a large looking-glass, threw it upon the ground in a passion, and broke it into a thousand pieces; but as she was afterwards surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of pleasure, she could not forbear uttering herself in the following soliloquy. "What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and see a hundred ugly faces, where before I saw but one."

It has been proposed to oblige every person that writes a book, or a paper, to swear himself the author of it, and enter down in a public register his name and place of abode.

This indeed would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal, which generally appears under borrowed names, or under none at all. But it is to be feared that such an expedient would not only destroy scandal but learning. It would operate promiscuously, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us so great a charity in secret; there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of writing, would set pen to paper, if they knew beforehand that they must not publish their productions but on such conditions.

A FORMER LOVER'S MINIATURE.

FOURTEENTH STREET, New York.

MR. LEDGER:—My husband objects to my keeping a miniature of a former lover. We have been married but a few months, and it would be a pity to have any serious misunderstanding, but such attempts to rule a wife in little things seem so tyranical that I am disinclined to submit to them. Is there any harm in my keeping the miniature? or ought a husband to object to such a thing?

MARY.

It has been divinely remarked that, "The *spirit* in which we act is the highest matter." If Mary's *spirit* is true and loyal to her husband, and not only *just what it should be* toward him, but toward her former lover, also, the miniature is of little consequence. In other words, if Mary cares nothing about her former lover, and does not wish to keep his picture, there is no harm in keeping it; but if she cherishes such feelings towards him as are incompatible with her present state, and for that reason wishes to keep his portrait, it is of course highly improper for her to retain it. Etiquette requires that, after marriage, portraits of old lover's should be returned.

EFFECT OF WET ON DEEP TILLAGE.

The wet season is a blessing to the deep cultivator. The more rain—the more heat, ammonia, carbonic acid and other organic elements are kept in the soil as it descends. As each drop filters through, it is succeded by another, or by air—both essential to vegetation, and to dissolve, act on or combine with the inorganic elements of the soil. As the water drains off, air is sure to follow, and this is the proper mode of its circulation. Each is also generally at a higher temperature than the undrained land, and the warmth of the under soil is therefore relatively increased. The trenched and porous soil holds water like a sponge, notwithstanding the drainage. It retains or can command enough for the wants of vegetation.